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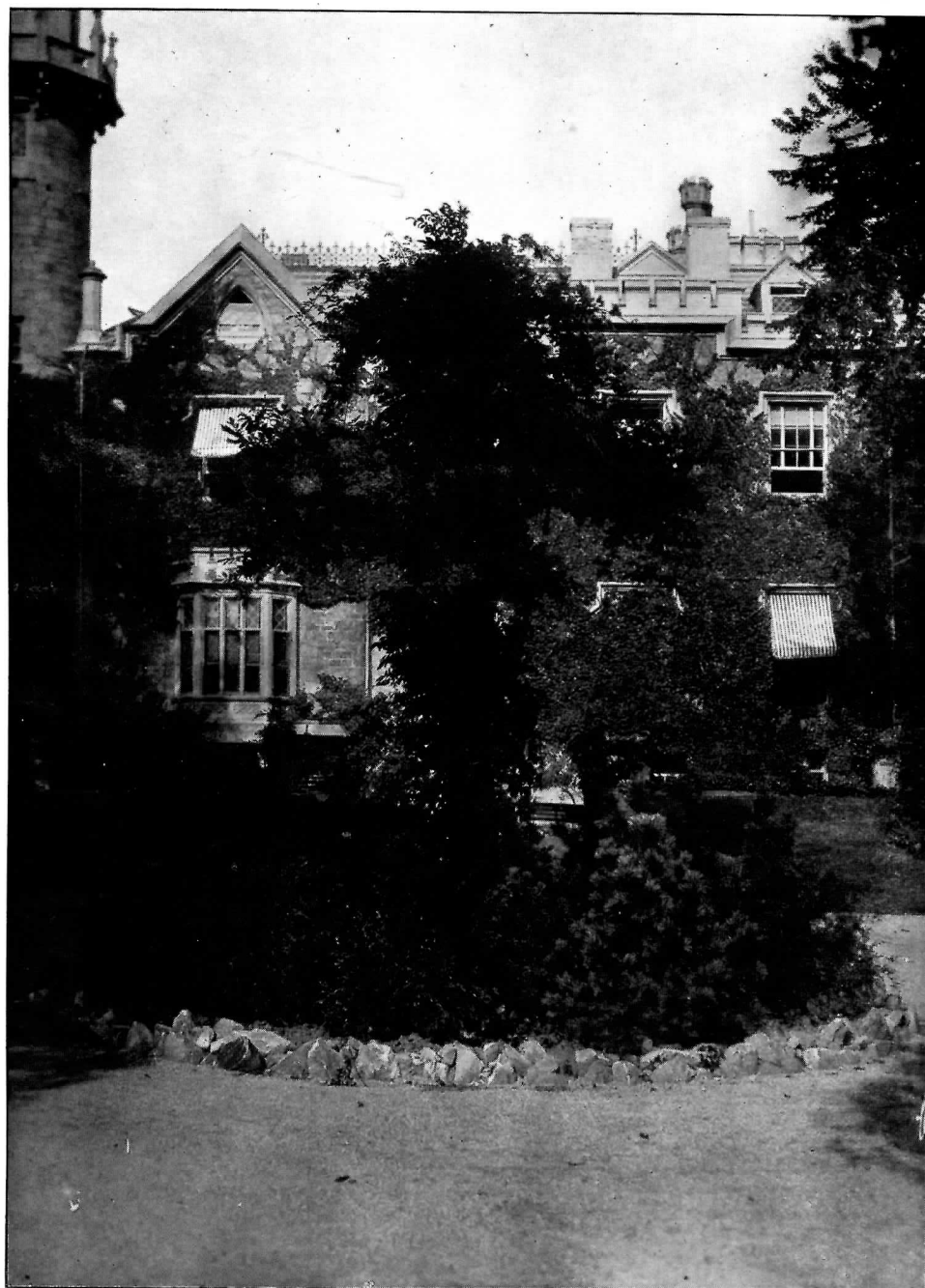
FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



A stylized illustration of a plant, likely a species of bellflower (Campanula). The plant features several purple, bell-shaped flowers with yellow centers, hanging from thin green stems. The foliage consists of long, thin green leaves and large, rounded green leaves at the base. The illustration is set against a white background.

Published by
Class of Nineteen Seventeen





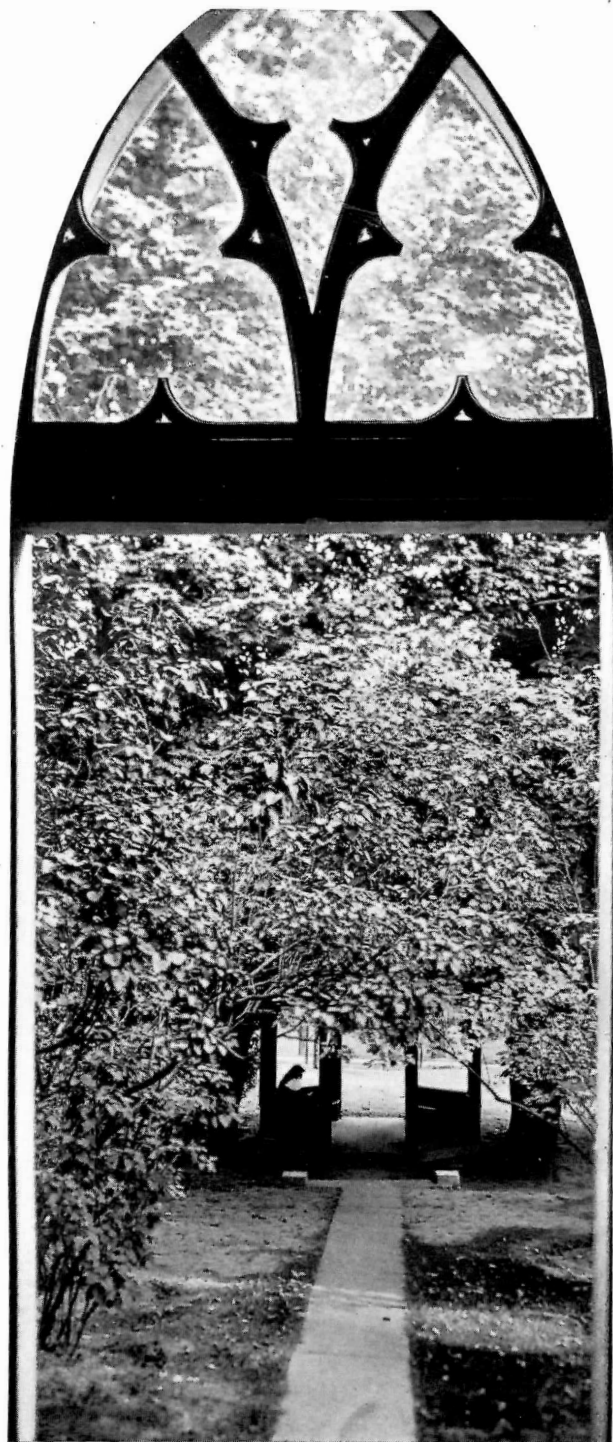
Greeting

That we may share with thee, dear friend,
the sweet

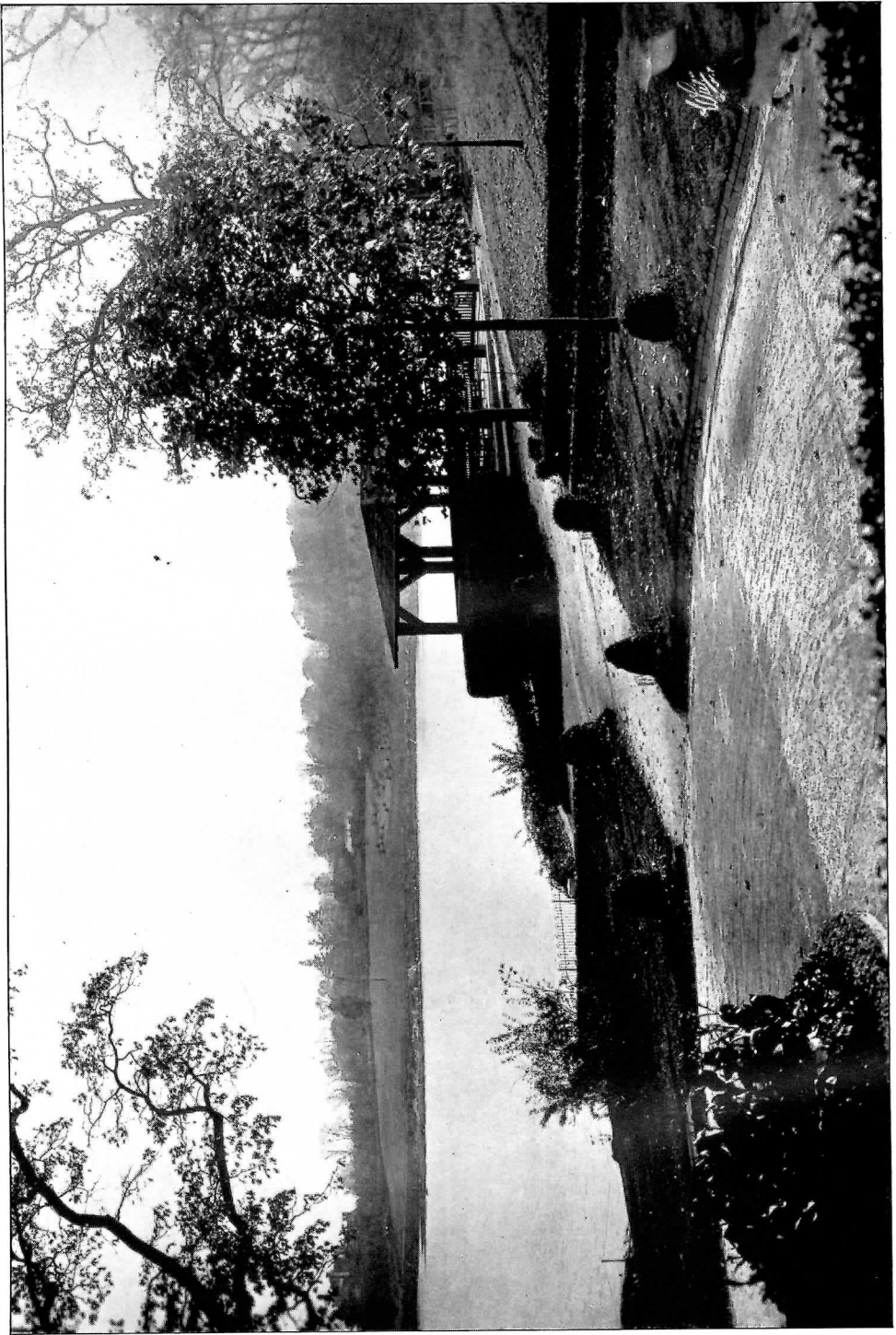
Enjoyment memory brings, we seek to keep
In this "Annales" the most that college means.

Perchance it may sometimes hold thy wandering
thoughts a while

And lead thee back to college life and dreams.



To
Mother Loyola.



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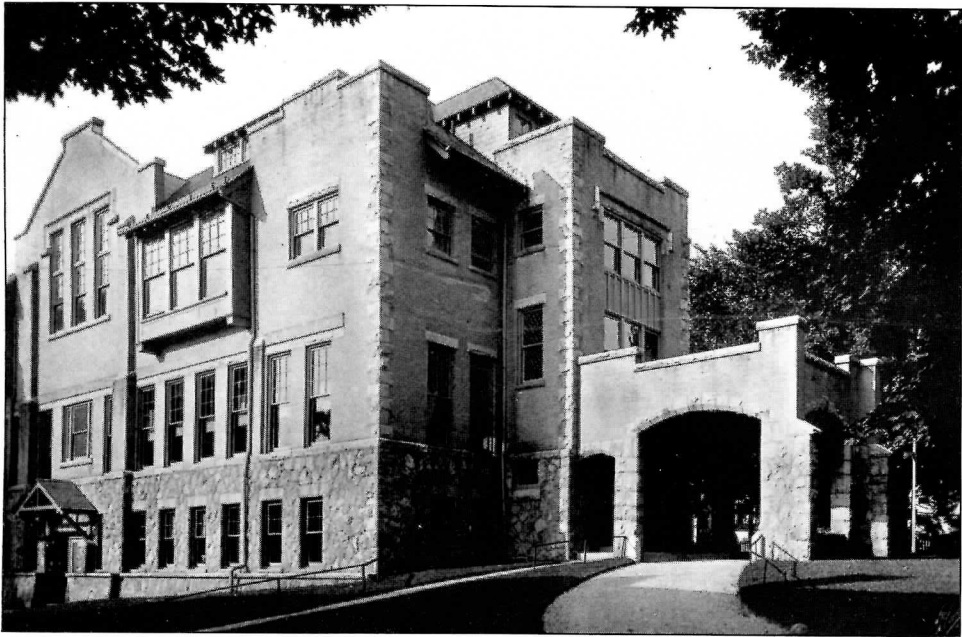
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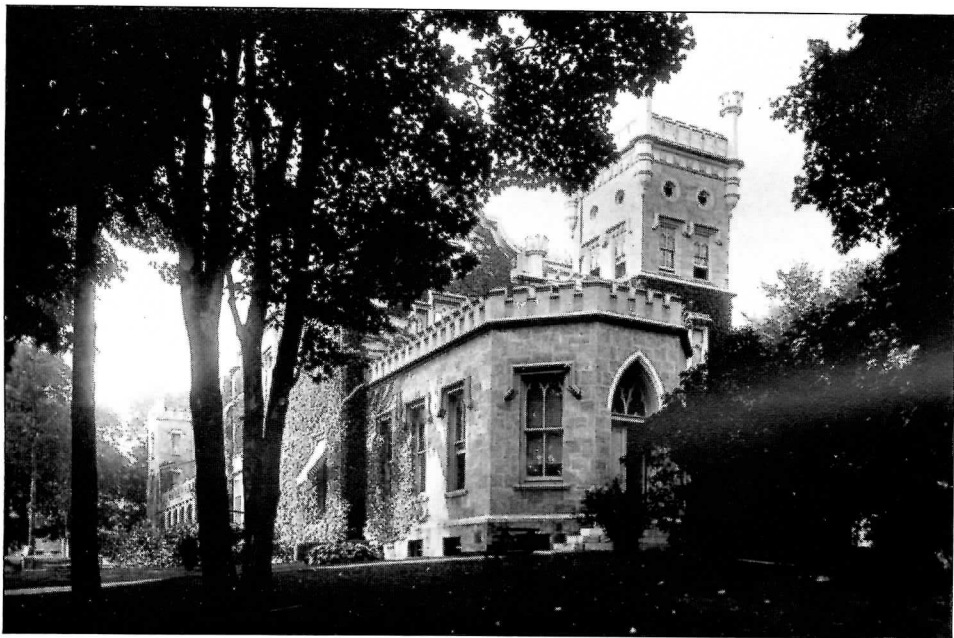
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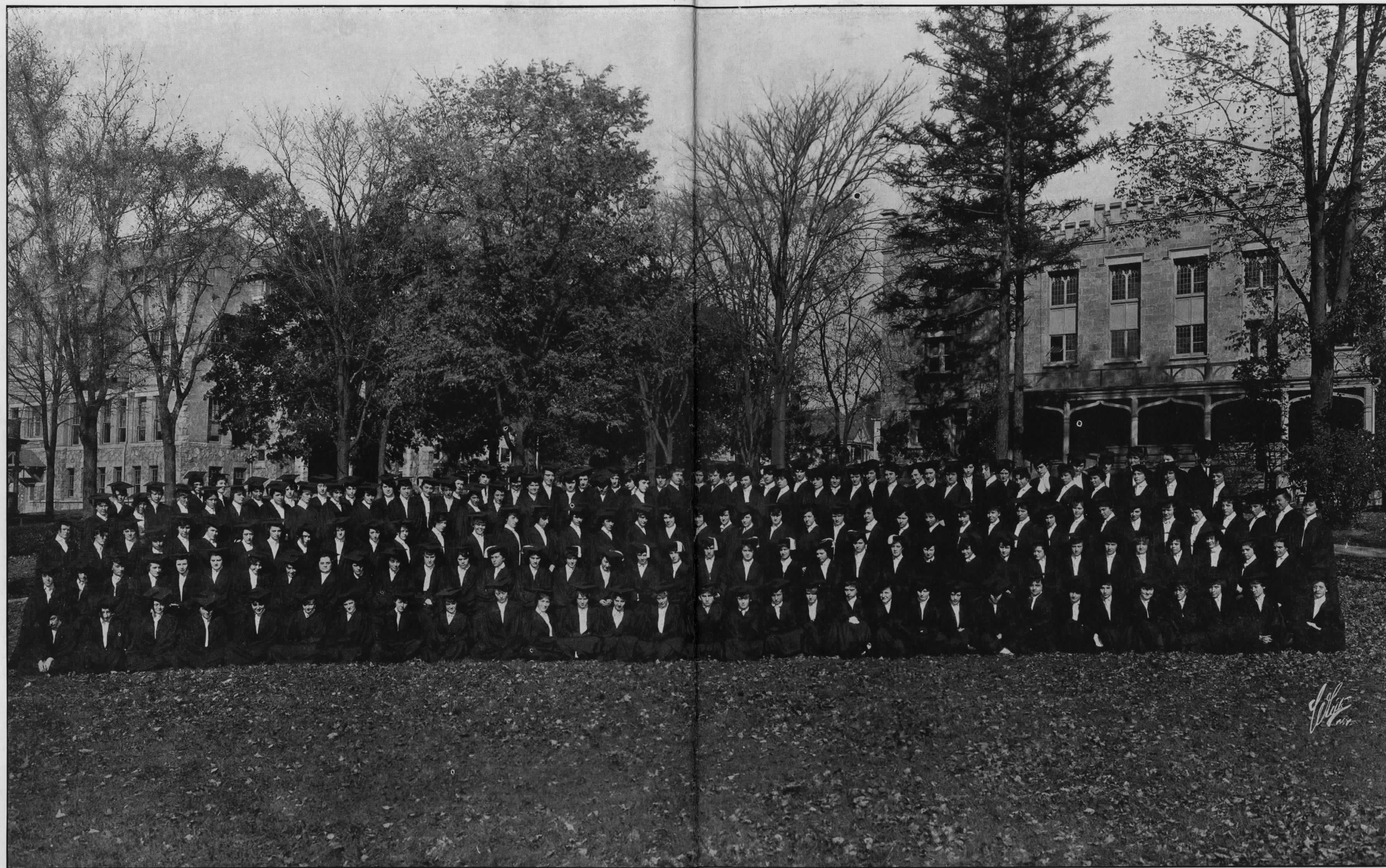
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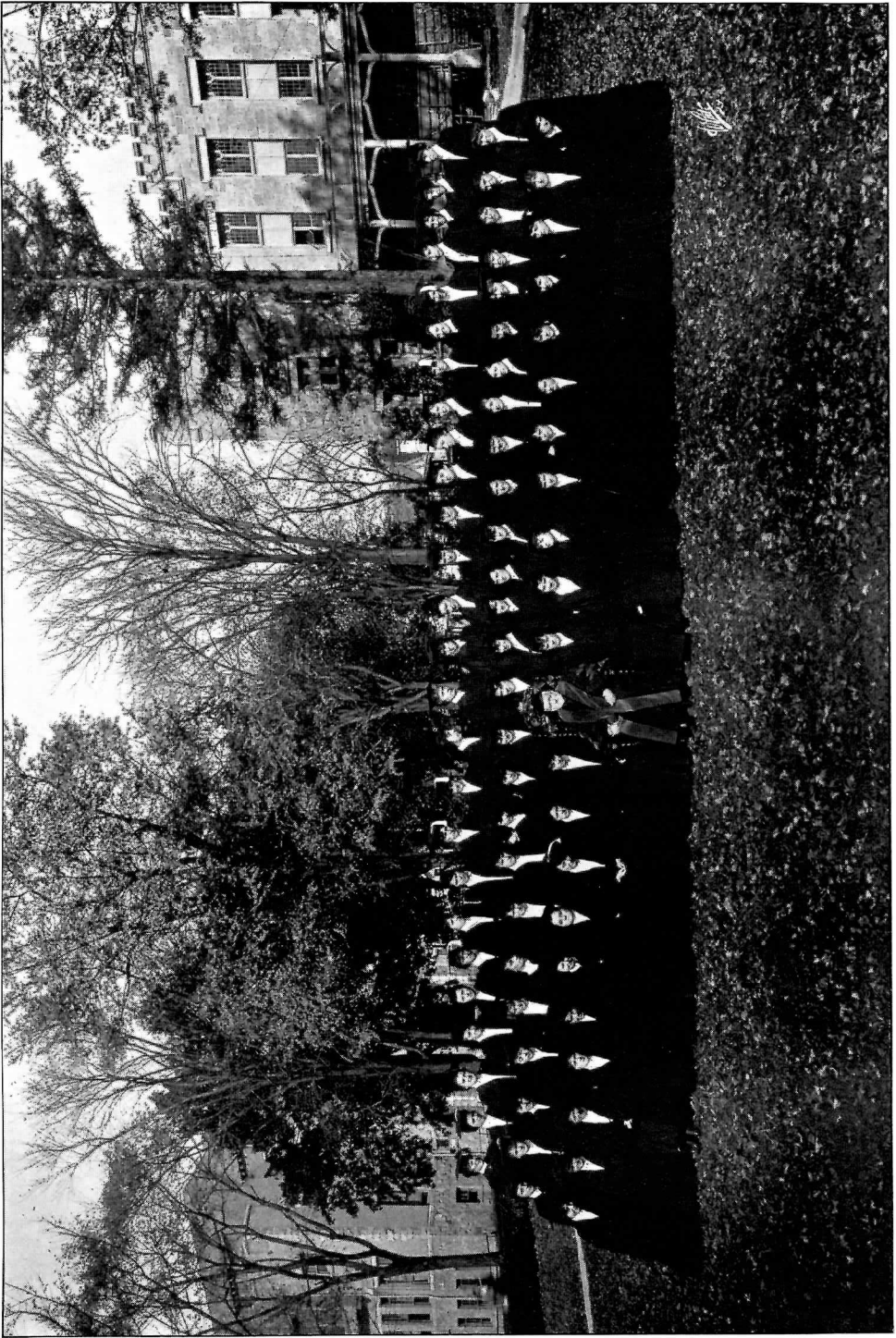
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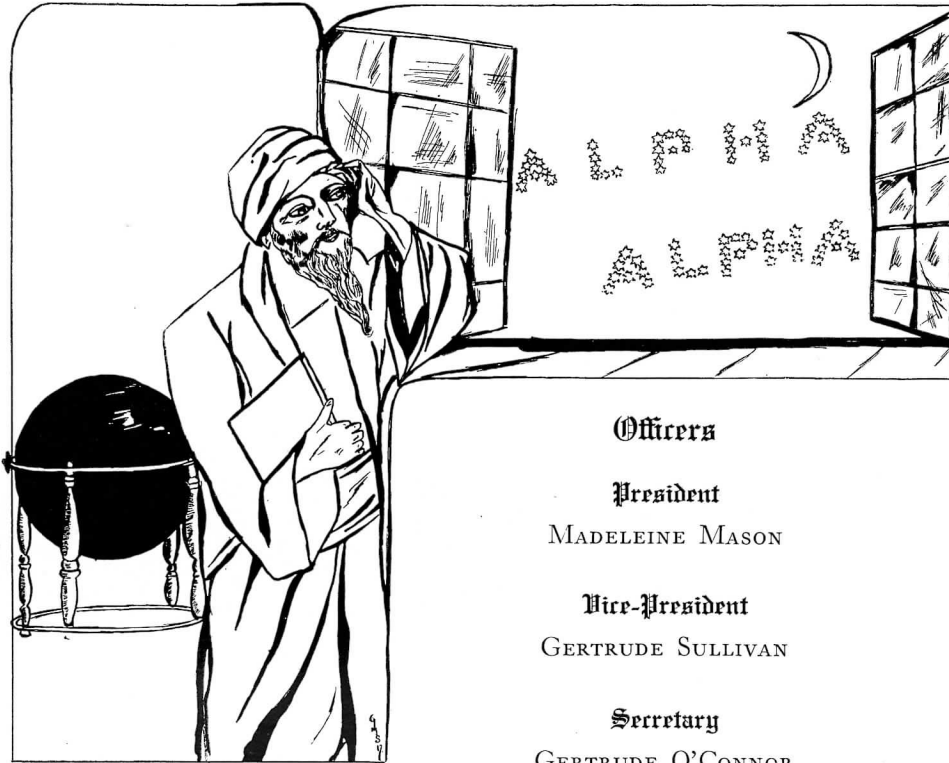


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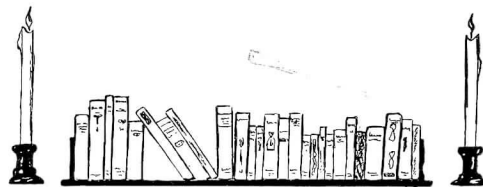
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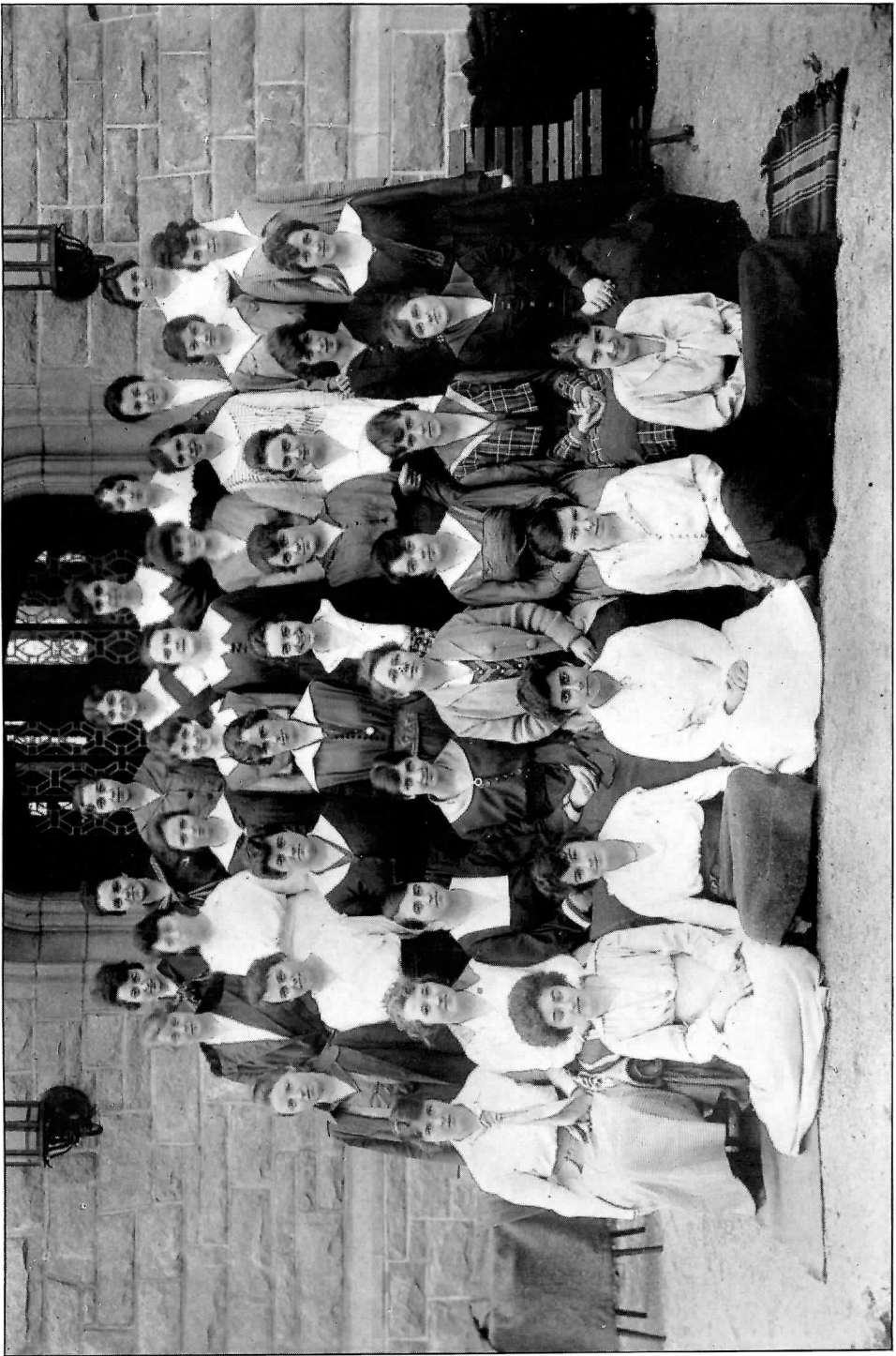
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A Legend of Saint Nicholas

BY BEULAH MARIE DIX

Prologue		MARY McANIFFE, '18
Saint Nicholas		IRENE MULCAHY, '18
Azzo, <i>a mighty lord</i>		HELEN ZAREMBA, '17
Pia, <i>his lady</i>		HESTER MOONEY, '17
Niccola (Cola), <i>their son</i>		MARIE BOGART, '18
Mico, <i>his playfellow</i>		HELEN CASEY, '18
The Sultan		CLARE SHEEHAN, '17
Zoe, <i>his daughter</i>		ELIZABETH DORAN, '18
Ibrahim	} <i>Pirates</i>	LORETTA BRANNON, '18
Arbaces		MARION BAXTER, '17
Mustapha		GENEVIEVE VIANE, '17
Two Attendants	{	VIRGINIA WALDRON, '19
		EMILY HANNON, '19



Mid-Year Plays

The Forest Spring

An Italian Folk Play

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

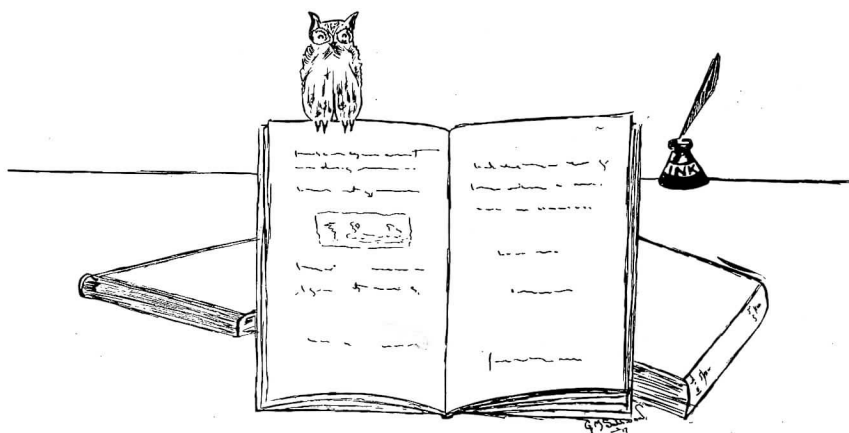
Amato, <i>an old woman</i>	MARIE KIERAN, '18
Fiamina, <i>the daughter of a neighbor</i>	RUTH McMAHON, '18
Spirit of the Forest	ELIZABETH BRADY, '18

The Affected Misses

BY MOLIÈRE

Translated by Curtis Hidden Page

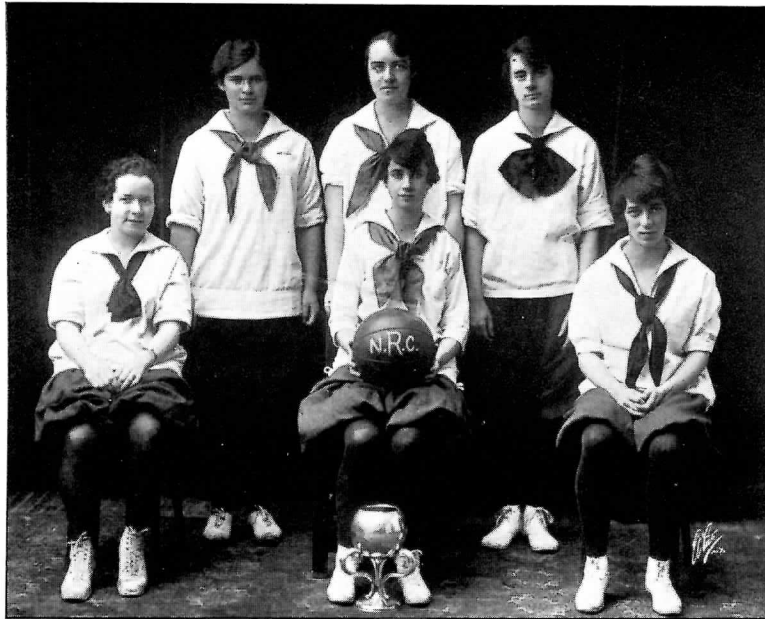
La Grange	} <i>rejected suitors</i>	{	GERTRUDE FLEMING, '18
Du Croisy			JULIA RYAN, '18
Gorgibus, <i>a worthy citizen</i>			KATHRYN COCKS, '18
Madelon, <i>daughter of Gorgibus</i>	} <i>would-be ladies</i>	{	DOROTHY DONOVAN, '18
Cathos, <i>niece of Gorgibus</i>			HELEN CLOSS, '18
Marotle, <i>maid to the young ladies</i>			ANITA McLoughlin, '17
Almanzor, <i>footman to the young ladies</i>			MARGARET KEANE, '18
The Marquis of Mascarille			GERTRUDE SULLIVAN, '17
<i>Valet to La Grange</i>			
The Viscount Jodelet			MARY CLARY, '17
<i>Valet to Du Croisy</i>			
Two Charmers		{	LOUISE SCHLEICH, '18
			HARRIET BURNES, '18
		{	MARY POWER, '17
			LILLIAN COSTELLO, '18
			MOLLY HOPPER, '19
			FLORENCE ROCHE, '19
		{	HELEN McCANN, '18
			MARY KERNAN, '19
			EUGENIA SHERMAN, '20
Musicians			



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ALICE MADIGAN	MARGERY DIXON, (<i>Capt.</i>)	MARION BAXTER, (<i>Mgr.</i>)



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GERTRUDE SULLIVAN	MARY CLARY	MARGERY DIXON
ALICE MADIGAN, (<i>Mgr.</i>)	MARION BAXTER, (<i>Capt.</i>)	MARIE BURNES



Sophomore Team

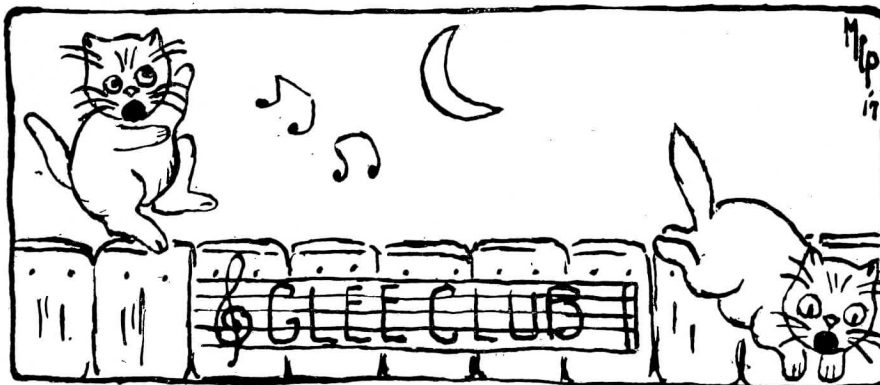
HARRIET VLYMAN	MARY GUILFOYLE	HELEN MCKENNA
LENORE LEIGHTON, (<i>Mgr.</i>)	VIRGINIA WALDRON, (<i>Capt.</i>)	HELEN HAYES



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AGNES CLARY	LORETTA HENDRICK, (<i>Capt.</i>)	ELIZABETH STETSON, (<i>Mgr.</i>)





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JULIE SMITH	<i>Director of Guitar</i>
EUNICE TIMMONS	<i>Director of Ukelele</i>



Choir Mistress, HELEN RATCHFORD

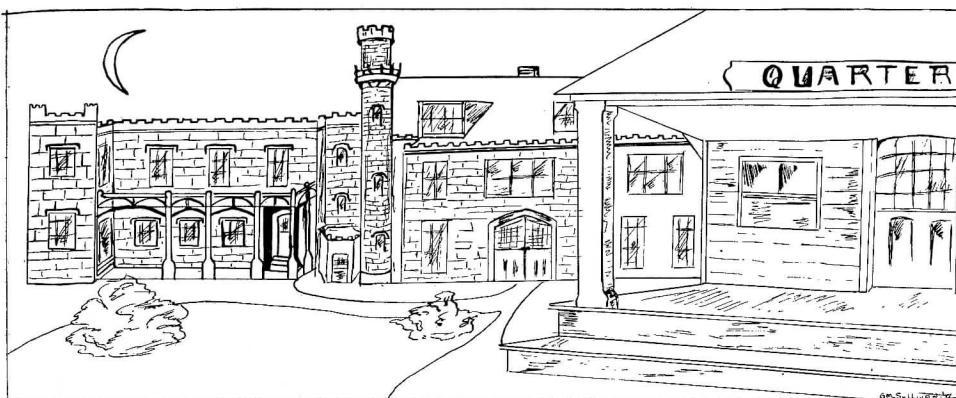


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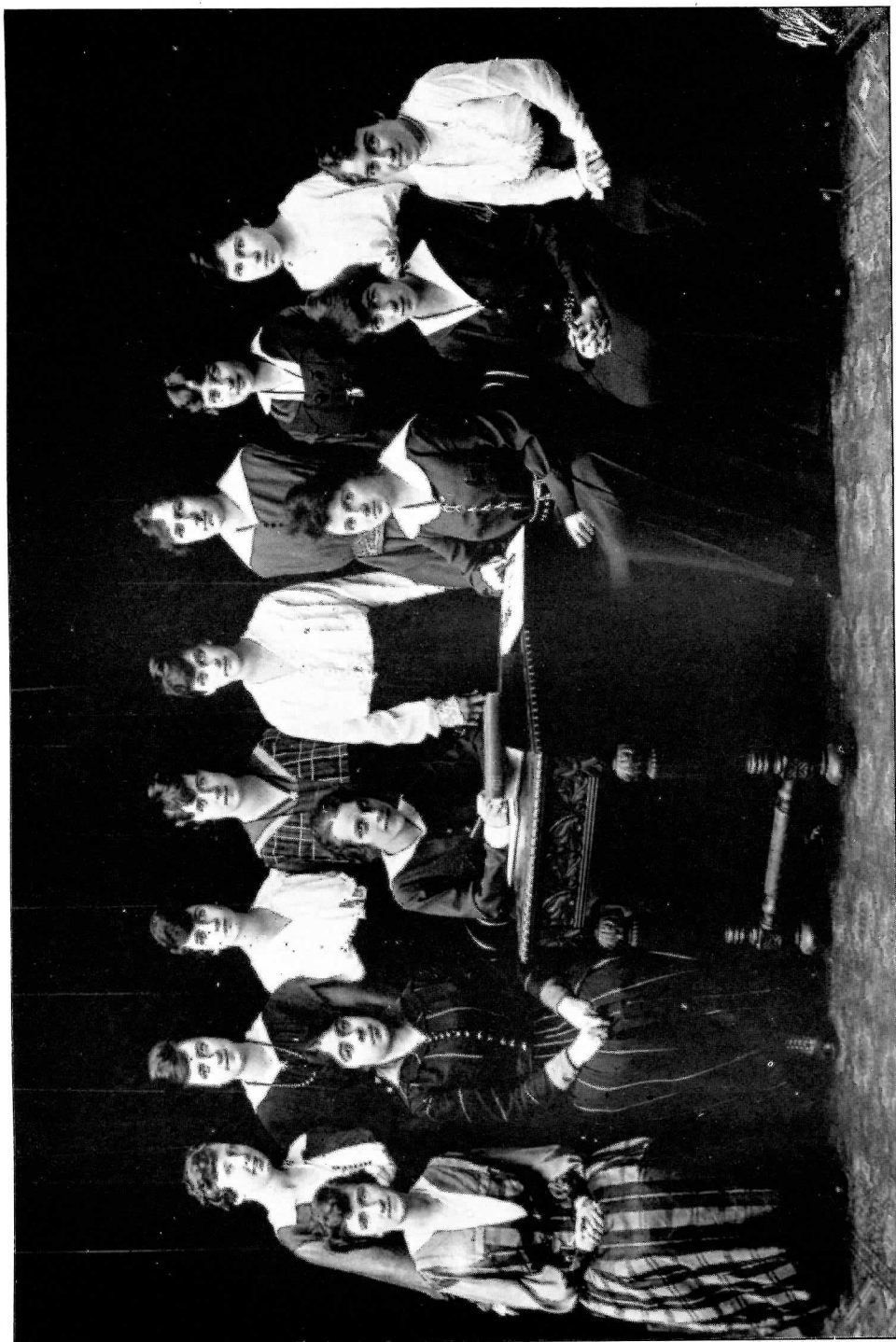
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CLASS HISTORIES



The College of New Rochelle

A History

A sober little band, forty-six strong, their banner with the inscription "New Rochelle, Class of 17," floating above them, pause on the threshold of the world to receive Alma Mater's blessing. Her farewell is just a bit more tender than is usual for one in her position—but these are the last of her Pioneers. These are the last of those who were ever beside her while she was blazing the uncertain trails of her first ten years. One decade behind her, Alma Mater begins a new era with 1918.

Her change of name from College of St. Angela to College of New Rochelle, upon the request of the Board of Trustees, did not change her ideals and ambitions. She has guided her last eight classes with as great care and prudence as she did her first two.

The aim of the college is to make of her girls, efficient, cultured and God-fearing women. New Rochelle is recognized by the University of the State of New York, and confers degrees equal to those given by the other colleges in the State. A Business Course was introduced but lately, and nineteen-eighteen will mark the beginning of the conferring of B.S. degrees.

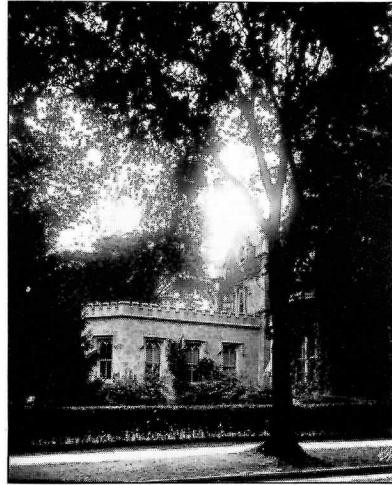
New courses are introduced as the classes increase, but the foundation, laid upon the firm base of Faith, Hope and Love, can never be improved upon. It is this Faith, this Hope and this Love which more than all else enable New Rochelle to raise its head proudly in the world of colleges.

The tiny chapel, although it was enlarged during the past year, is still too small for her needs. The Pioneers, however, have dreams which, when realized will make the present chapel a thing of the past. They know the necessity for a House of God. When problems become too difficult to solve, there they may find one sure Refuge, one Solace for all troubles.

The rapid growth of the college is a knotty problem which must have a speedy solution. Maura Hall, the gymnasium and cottages are all additions to the original college building, Leland Castle, but every inch of these buildings is now being utilized.

The societies best known beyond the college walls are "Athletics" and "Props and Paint." There is no struggle for individual glory either in athletics or dramatics; every one works hard to bring honor to New Rochelle, and herein lies her success.

Alma Mater is quite proud of the fact that all her graduate daughters are doing things that count. Successful teachers, social workers and happy little wives

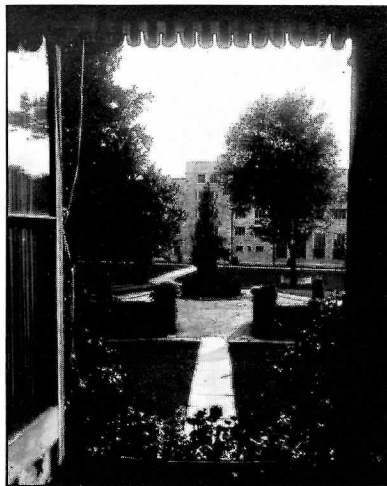


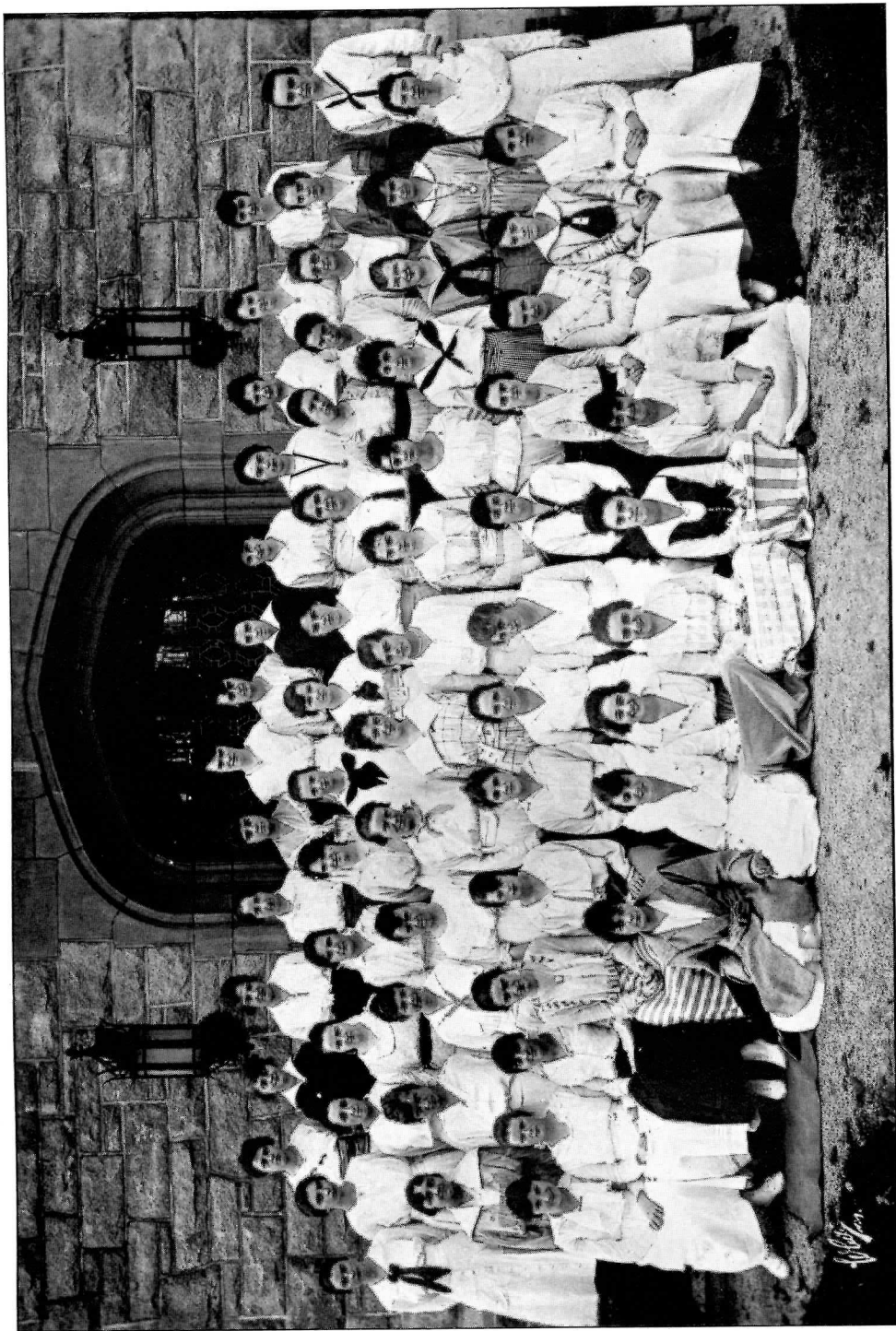
are numbered among them. Many of the students residing in the New England States banded together and formed a New England Chapter. Recently, this Chapter has established a bureau, the object of which is to help the graduates of the college to obtain good positions. The Alumnae has continued its work in dramatics and this winter presented a clever play in New York, South Norwalk and in our own gymnasium.

New Rochelle is indeed young, but the success of her early years has inspired her with dauntless courage. She is prepared for whatever the future may bring.

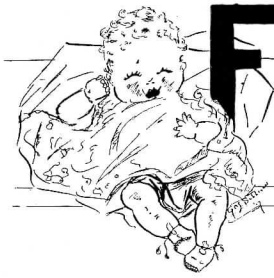
A certain wistfulness creeps into Alma Mater's loving eyes, as she watches the last of Seventeen's band pass over the brow of the hill.

"My first children," she whispers softly. Bravely had she wished them "God-speed," resolving that through whatever paths their journey might lead them, there, too, would follow her love. She watches until the last speck of color disappears from view. Then she takes the volume of memories they have left behind and, clasping it to her heart, she turns resolutely to meet the Future.





FRESHMEN CLASS



FRESHMEN

Freshmen History

Something sweet, something simple; sometimes sweet but always simple—a Freshman.

Moonlight on the campus; moonlight, rustling leaves and fairies; fairies in light, fantastic, many-colored dresses, dancing ever so airily and gracefully, now pausing, now hesitating, now with steps light as thistledown, speeding up a moonbeam. All night long they dance to the music of the breeze, seen only by the moon and the stars. As the night begins to wane, one elf, more beautiful than her companions, speaks:

"Friends, I have summoned you from all parts of fairyland, a representative from each band of fairies, to help my dear wards, the Class of Nineteen-Twenty. Do your work well and this class will be the most gifted of all classes. Every art, every grace, all that is good and noble is among you. Become part of them. Now, farewell."

A louder rustling of the leaves than before, and the fairies ascend into the trees where they nestle in the curled autumn leaves until the time for commencing their work arrives.

All is dark and silent. Even the leaves have stopped their whisperings. The morning star fades away and the rosy tints on the sky show that the first day of the college year has almost arrived.

Sixty-four strong, the Freshmen gathered, on the first day the shakiest, most unhappy crowd of girls that ever assembled. Many and varied were the comments passed on the unfortunates before the end of that harrowing day.

Said a Sophomore: "We can keep them in *their* places, all right!" Little did she know that in a few short months the newcomers would be called the "freshest freshies" that ever entered college.

Said a Junior: "Every cloud has a silver lining. They will probably turn out all right." Later, she realized the wisdom of her remark.

Said a Senior: "They are hopeless. Several asked me if *I* were a Freshman!!" And, sputtering with indignation, she passed on her way. But then, Seniors never do appreciate Freshmen.

Said Alma Mater: "There is fine material among them." She looked quite pleased. And Alma Mater, *she* is wise.

During the next few weeks firm friendships were formed; friendships to last throughout college and long after. These weeks were also the period when "crushes" were most frequent and violent. The Woman's Exchange was usually the seat of the victim's folly. Here she exchanged her pocket money for a piece of grapefruit and a few kind words.

The girls from the wilds were shown New York. Some went to the city in fear and trembling, startled and even shocked at the lights of the Great White Way. Others entered with the spirit, "In Rome do as the Romans," and they launched into a round of luncheon and theatre parties.

At college, also, there were entertainments. We will not soon forget the Sophomore Party—that party at which we, poor, innocent, unoffending babes, were blindfolded and had pepper and lemon-juice put on our tongues. But after the Junior Reception we were no longer lost sheep, for then, being duly tried, we were adopted by our sister class. Later, how we danced! One would never have guessed that earlier in the evening we had been on trial.

Despite the time spent in these frivolities, the serious side of college work was not neglected. In all classes the girls distinguished themselves, but the gym class was especially remarkable. Here the Freshmen indulged in a fanciful little dance which the envious upper classmen dubbed "Freshman Folly." Freshman Folly, forsooth!

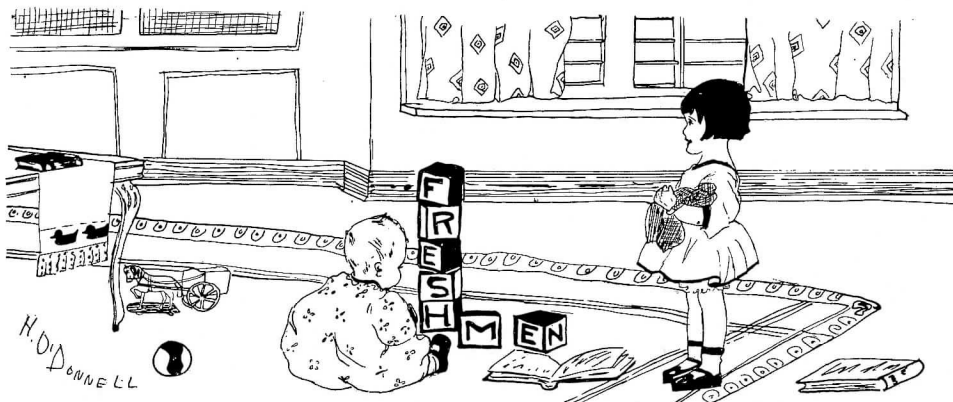
All energies were bent toward making a fine basketball team.

"Remember the meet
The Sophs to beat."

became the Freshman watchword. They have developed such strength as will indeed try the mettle of the Sophomore team.

Good sports, good students, such are the Freshmen. For could you follow them through a day's work you would acknowledge they were good students. And something tells me that even as I write the Freshmen's guardian fairies are dancing on the snow-covered campus. And hush—now I hear the leader's words as she says:

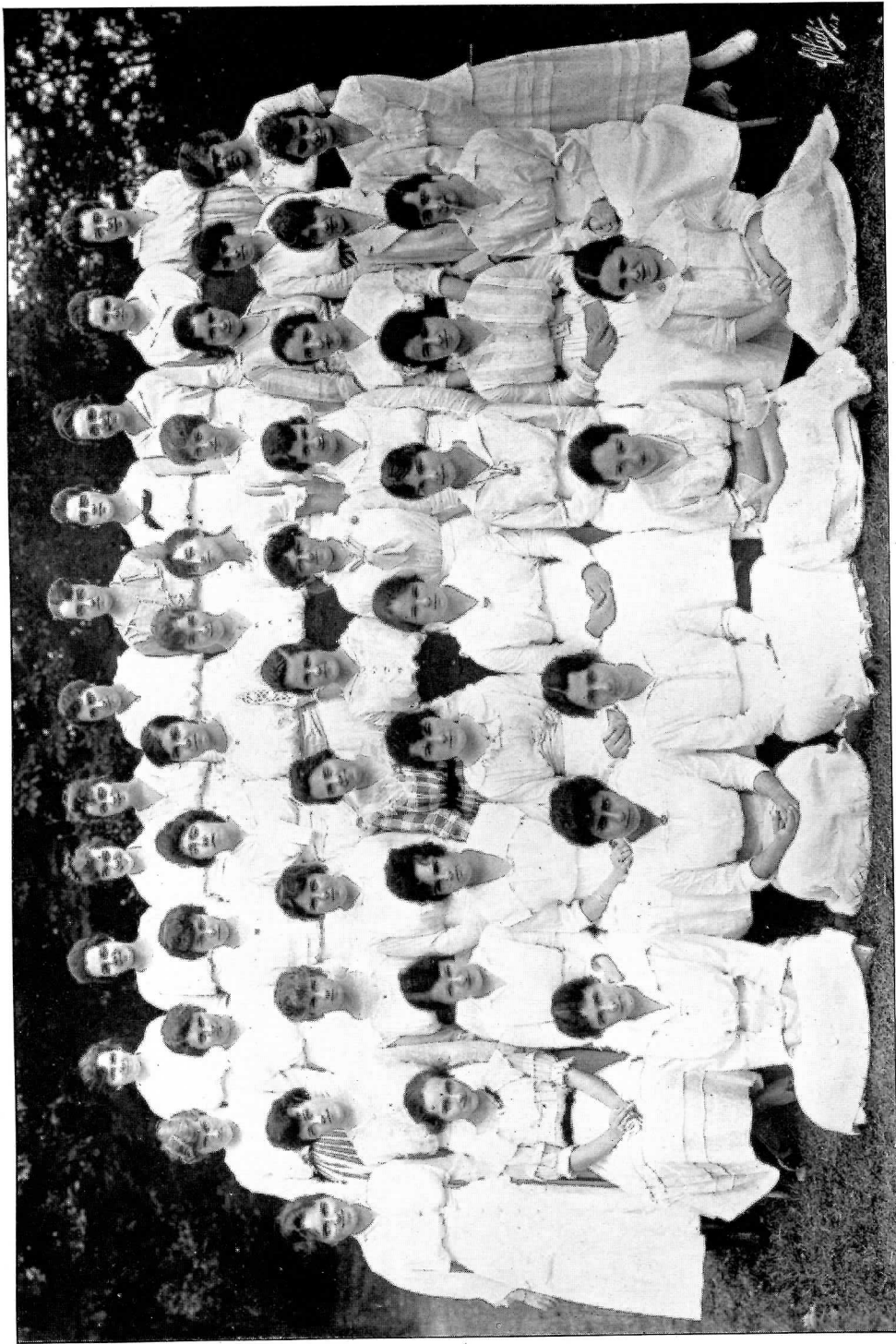
"You have done your work well, my helpers. Although far from perfect now, the Class of Nineteen-Twenty is developing into what all classes aim to be,—a credit to the College of New Rochelle.





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SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE

Nineteen-Nineteen's Sophomore Flowers

It was a day in June—the day before Jolly Mr. Vacation was to call at New Rochelle, and that perhaps accounted for the unusual flutter of excitement and gayety on the campus. In strong contrast to the merry, expectant groups chatting about the one who was on his way to them and whom they all loved so well, was another campus scene a distance away. In a quiet, shaded nook sat a young girl,—that one of New Rochelle's daughters called "Nineteen-Nineteen." Her usually mischievous sparkling eyes shone with a strange, sad light that was new to them, and she was in a pensive mood. That, too, was strange, for Nineteen-Nineteen seems to be partial to the livelier moods. What did this mean? It seemed an intricate problem at first, but it was easily solved. Nineteen-Nineteen was sad because she had just lost a true friend and boon companion—she and Sophomore Year had come to the parting of the ways. She had to remain and seek a new friend, while he sailed on to the unfathomable sea of time that is past.

When they bade each other farewell, Sophomore Year gave Nineteen-Nineteen, as token of his affection and for sweet remembrance sake, a bunch of flowers, each one representing a memorable day they had spent together. And now, while time had not yet dimmed the grief of parting, the young girl wandered back in memory to the days that had meant so much to her. First, she looked at the bunch of flowers that lay in her lap. It was made up of many varied blossoms, some perhaps more beautiful than others, and a few with thorns, but the bouquet, as a whole, was lovely and fragrant and sweet. Then she singled out one after the other, and as she held and contemplated each she read in its heart a little story.

There was a pink rosebud of a fresh and hardy variety of roses, and promising a lovely full-blown flower. Ah, yes! That reminded Nineteen-Nineteen of her youngest sister, Nineteen-Twenty, and of the first days they had spent together. Nineteen-Nineteen thought of an evening in September when they romped and played and had ice-cream cones and candy sticks; and of an evening in December when they had changed their romping ways to merry dancing.

Then Nineteen-Nineteen chanced upon a stray, yellow-hued autumn leaf. "Surely that is here by accident," mused the young girl. But no, it was a reminder of the part she had played in the Hallowe'en festivities.

When she beheld a tiny spray of laurel, she smiled. It was the emblem of her successful presentation of "The Upper Room," and her debut in the world of dramatics.

Having laid aside the laurel she proceeded to single out another flower, but, ouch, she pricked her finger! She knew that every leaf and thorn had a meaning of its own. In a minute an event that occurred in Junior week flashed to her mind. She and Nineteen-Twenty had a quarrel. It began with Nineteen-Nineteen teasing the little one, who immediately kicked and screamed in the fashion of a robust infant, and in her rage hurt Nineteen-Nineteen, who in turn sought retaliation by means of a raid. Hush, hush!

How very strange, the next flower she happened upon was a jack-in-the-pulpit. Nineteen-Nineteen understood!

When sweet "hearts' ease" smiled up at her, she breathed a sigh of relief; and before her mind's eye danced a vision of hearts—little hearts and big hearts, but all true hearts. In her memory the girl lived over again St. Valentine's night, when the Freshmen so charmingly entertained her.

The sight of a white carnation aroused equally stirring memories of her class and class day.

And so flower after flower had told its message. Only one remained, and all it whispered was "forget-me-not." A silent tear dropped down upon it, as Nineteen-Nineteen pressed the flower to her heart, and with it sweet memories of the Seniors.

Then the young girl gathered the flowers, placed them between the leaves of her memory book, wrote "Sophomore Days," and turned the page.





SOPHOMORES



1919





JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIORS

Junior Class History

(With Apologies to E. A. Poe)

Once, 'twas on a midnight dreary when the moonlight shone full eerie
(Such as when "night-hawks" went straying in the good old times of
yore),
When my mood was reminiscent, came a tapping so insistent,
As of someone gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,
Only this, and nothing more."

Lo! I saw the door-knob turning, and my very soul was burning,
Wond'ring who it was there opening now so wide my chamber door,
Then upon my soft cot (?) sinking, I took myself to shrinking
'Neath the covers quickly, thinking "'tis a night-hawk, nothing more,
Some belated night-hawk prowling down the quiet corridor,
Only this—and nothing more."

But my reasoning was full faulty—for with motion slow and halty
In there stole a host of Phantoms of the happy days of yore.
And we all must be agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing dearer phantoms at the door—
Phantoms bringing back the memories of a year that comes no more—
Junior Year that comes no more!

First came four who, by the handles, held their small electric candles
And they sang so softly, sweetly, as they came, the black-gowned four,
And the shadows were attesting 'twas the night of the investing
Of the Freshmen Class of Twenty in the garb their sisters wore,—
Cap and gown and regulation that the other classes wore.
Quoth I, raptured, "Show me more!"

"Oh, distinctly, I remember, it was back in gay December,"
Spoke the next in-gliding Phantom stepping softly o'er the floor,
"That beloved Alma Mater gave her new adopted daughter
To the care of Nineteen-Eighteen—and to make the memory richer,
Why, they say, they all together danced the famous 'Molly Pitcher!'
On the night of the adoption danced the famous 'Molly Pitcher!'"
Quoth I, raptured, "Show me more!"

The next phantom, all beguiling, tripping past me gaily smiling
(It was Junior week—I noticed flowers at her belt she wore.)
“Ah! but life,” she said, “is full of joy—I’m off to see ‘Her Soldier Boy.’”
And at evening she was singing all her class songs—such a store!
Singing with her festive classmates all the merry songs of yore.
Quoth I, raptured, “Show me more!”

“Ah, but Junior Week is fine,” said she smiling, “now we dine
At the Hotel Gramatan.” And followed then a score
Saying “We’re a ‘Bunch of Roses’—note our very clever poses!”
And the next was gaily dancing o’er the Biltmore ballroom floor,
To the strains of “Naughty, Naughty,” dancing o’er the ballroom floor.
Quoth I, sadly, “Never more.”

Thought I “Can I now be dreaming?”—for I saw gay streamers streaming,
And I heard the Juniors singing to the class that they adore.
It was Alpha Alpha eve once again, I could believe!
As I saw the Seniors playing all the simple games of yore—
“Donkey,” “Fortune,” “Mystic Numbers”—all the simple games of
yore.
Quoth I, sadly, “Never more.”

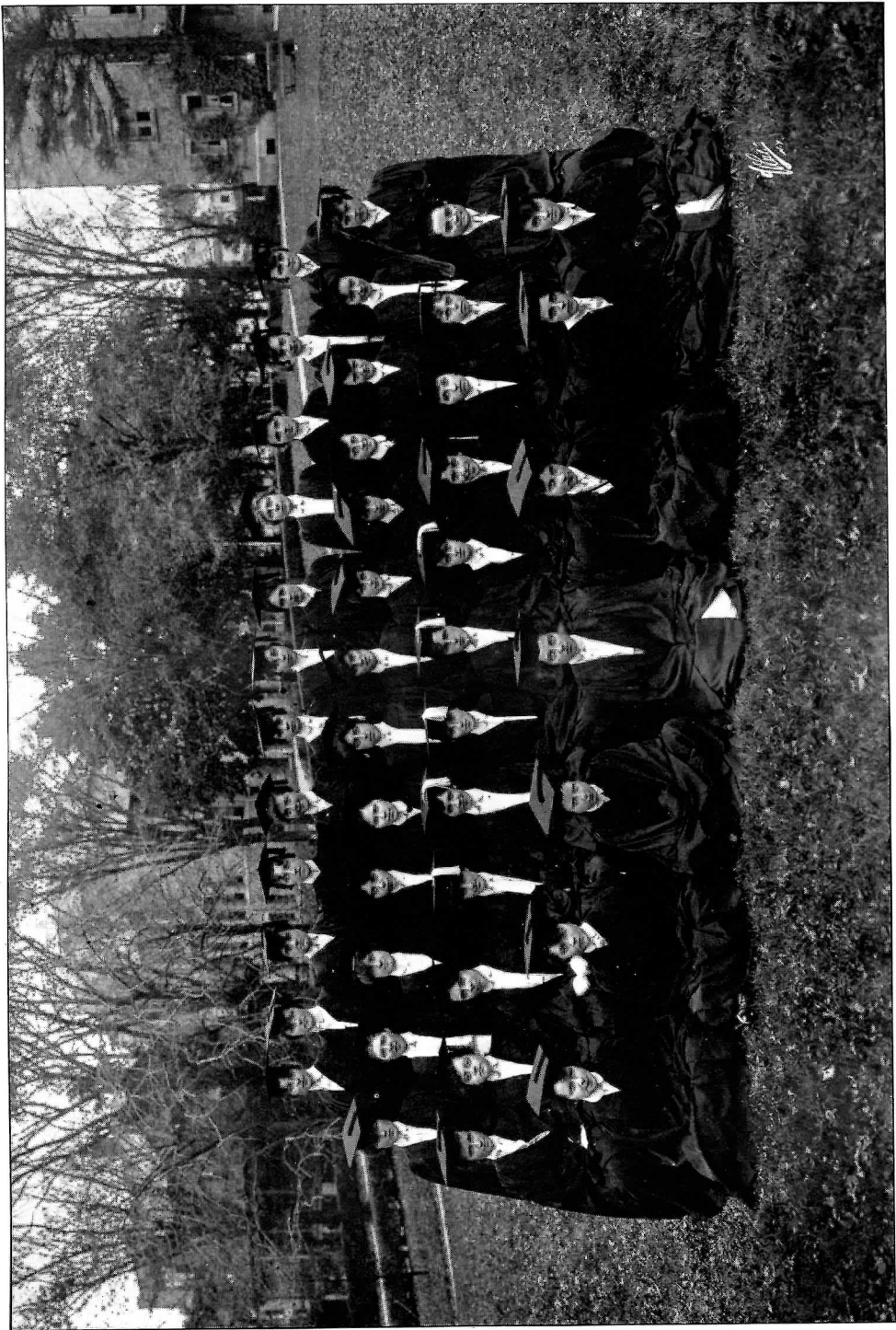
Then I heard a strain entrancing, saw once more the Juniors dancing
With Sixteen at her reunion—ah, could it but come once more!
Next they star in “Silver Thread”—in class play, too, need that be
said?
Then there came a sound of singing, serenading Seventeen.
Lo! my phantoms faded, left me—nothing more was seen.
Mem’ries left—and nothing more.





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SENIOR CLASS



SENIORS

Senior Class History

Freshman Year

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE,
November 1, 1913.

My dear Aunt Deborah:—

When I entered my room on first getting to college, I saw a long narrow card tacked upon my wardrobe door. On it were printed fifteen hard and fast rules to guide us in our behavior while here. I knew this would delight you and set your mind at rest, for with such rules to follow who could misbehave? You would be pleased if you could see my bureau drawers. I fixed them just as you told me.

Last Saturday was Founder's Day, and it was doubly important this year as it was the formal opening of Maura Hall. The blessing took place after High Mass. Of course, many of the Alumnae were back, but unfortunately we poor Freshmen had no friends among them to welcome.

I am sorry I cannot spend that week-end in December with you, but our engagement to the Class of Fifteen has been announced, and the wedding is to be on December third. I would not like to miss it.

Your loving niece,

VIOLET

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE,
April 4, 1914.

Dear Aunt Deborah:—

Easter is drawing near, and I have not written to you for so very long. Did I tell you about the dance the Sophomores gave us? We had a delightful time. Just the girls from those classes were present.

The girls have just finished their examinations, and I heard many of them remark that they were quite severe. Of course I do not know. I had six exemptions, and the two examinations I had to take were rather simple, I thought.

I do wish it would snow so we could have another sleighride like the one with which we entertained the Juniors. It was a most enjoyable occasion. The Juniors are very kind to us, and we like them extremely well.

The most thrilling event that has occurred yet was the Freshman-Sophomore Meet. Even if the Sophomores did win the basketball game, we defeated them in the race to the flagpole and to the windows in the gymnasium. The valor and strength of purpose with which we guarded those windows were worthy of Napoleon himself.

The week before the Meet we entertained the rest of the college with a vaudeville. It was really a very nice vaudeville. I am sorry you could not come.

Please do not write to me until after Easter, for we are going on Retreat tomorrow until Easter Saturday. Father Sheely will conduct it this year.

Your loving niece,

VIOLET

Senior Class History, Freshman Year—Continued

June.

Dear Aunt Deborah:—

I'm sorry you disapproved of my language in my last letter, but, dear aunt, these colloquialisms will indeed creep into one's language!

It is exceedingly restful to have nothing to occupy one's mind, for you know this is Commencement Week. We had our birthday party during this week, but this was a social error, we learned later. Commencement Week is Senior Week, exclusively.

In another week I shall be home for my summer vacation. I shall be so glad to see the family again.

Your loving niece,

VIOLET



Sophomore Year

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE,
December 17, 1914.

Dear Sister Sue:—

The other day I went to a Salamagundi Party, and little did I know what I was going to. A Salamagundi Party is one at which one entertains oneself with the sewing on of buttons, and the picking up peanuts by means of hat pins, and such like exercises. Of course, such foolishness would be perfectly all right for Freshmen, but don't you think it strange to expect Sophomores to do it? However, we did not complain, for the next occasion was quite in keeping with our dignity. It was the second annual Tea, and needless to say we enjoyed ourselves.

I have often heard tell of selling one's souls, but never till now did I hear of buying one. The ANNALES Business Staff sold them. We found out some of the most amazing things about ourselves which I am sure we had never dreamed of before.

Your loving sister,

VIOLET

March 31, 1915.

Dear Sister Sue:—

The box you sent came just in time for the party I had planned. It was awfully sweet of you to send it.

After all the delay, the New York University Musical Clubs did finally arrive and it was really quite worth while waiting for. That was the last event of its kind before the Mid-Years. The details of this latter event are too gruesome to mention; however, we acquired a new title thereby. Yes, from now on we will be "Queen of the Qualies!" That title was officially bestowed, too, and indeed it is not every class that could get that. We really are just a little bit "different," you know.

Senior Class History, Sophomore Year—Continued

The Mid-Year Play was "The Rivals," and our college president, Miss Swift, took part in it.

I forgot to tell you about the Colonial Ball. It was more fun! We had it on February 16th, so it was quite in keeping with the season. Of course, we all appeared either as Georgie or Martha.

It is too bad I did not see more of you when you were up to the Meet, but you know on such a day a loyal Soph could hardly be expected to devote much time to a mere sister. We had far weightier matters on hand, but of course you realize that, I'm sure. Wasn't it a perfectly glorious day? I would rather be a Soph now than anything else.

Now that the Meet is over the only thing we are looking forward to is our dinner to the Seniors on May 5th. Of course, we have all spoken weeks ago for The Senior, and, my dear, I'm going to take Betty. Such strategem as we employ!

I will see you soon, little sister. Retreat begins on March 30th, and then home on Easter Saturday.

Lovingly,

VIOLET

May 27, 1915.

Dear Sue:—

Of course you want to know all about Commencement Week, but you will have to wait until I tell you about our birthday party. We were two years old on May 9th, and we celebrated the event with a party in the courtyard. Fifteen sent us a basket of fruit, and Mother de Sales sent us a perfectly wonderful birthday cake.

This whole week has been like a dream, and I am afraid the week after next will be like a bad dream. I have just come in from seeing "Love's Labours Lost." It was given on campus. The stage was that beautiful little terrace just outside the library door. I can hardly believe that this is Betty's commencement. I wouldn't mind if it were anyone else's but Betty's. Of course I shall write to her and she to me, but New Rochelle certainly won't seem natural without her.

If I survive the Finals, I will see you soon, Sue. (Notice the alliteration.)

Your loving sister,

VIOLET



Senior Class History, Junior Year

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE,
October 29, 1915.

Dearest Betty:—

Last Saturday was Founder's Day, but of course you know that already. It was a pity that you could not come back for it. You surely would have enjoyed it, because there were many of our old friends back. The night before we instituted the precedent of Investiture. I will never forget it. We marched in single file from either side of Maura Hall, and formed a half circle on the campus, singing, "Just a Song at Moonlight." We each carried a blue and white lantern. The most impressive part of the whole ceremony was the few words that Father Halpin spoke to the Freshmen. He then blessed their caps and gowns, and Reverend Mother Ignatius bestowed them on our little sisters. College songs followed and then we returned reluctantly to Maura Hall. It was a glorious moonlight evening. All that was lacking was just you, Betty dear.

Last night we had our Hallowe'en Party. The gym was decorated in Pelham Wood colors. As usual, spooks were much in vogue. The rest I will leave to your own imagination and memory, for it was much like last year's. Do you remember what a good time we had at that one?

The Tea is to be on Nov. 21st. Do please try to get here for it.

Lovingly,

VIOLETTE

January 20, 1916.

Betty dear:—

"Nineteen" did marry "Seventeen". Of course we rather expected that she would, for everyone just loves that precedent your class established two years ago. Helen made a perfectly stunning bridegroom, and "Kitty" Buckley blushed as prettily as any bride. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served, and dancing followed until the bride and groom took their departure.

You never would have recognized the Sodality Ball this year. It was a bazaar plus a Thé Dansant at the Biltmore.

Just before Christmas the Sophomores gave a marvelous portrayal of "Everyman," but of course that was as nothing at all compared with the "Junior Refined Vaudeville" which was given last night. I think you can imagine that when I say it was "much as usual."

Lovingly yours,

VIOLETTE

February 26, 1916.

Dearest Betty:—

Yes, Junior Week is over. The Prom was last night. But to begin at the beginning,—on Wednesday we saw the "Cinderella Man." Upon our return, Mother de Sales surprised us with the loveliest little dinner party! After that, "Seventeen" had her "Social"—more fun!

Thursday morning yet remains a ? to the uninitiated. We had luncheon at Pepperday and that evening we gave our Junior Play. I am almost afraid to write about the Prom, lest I rave on indefinitely, for I very well could on such a subject. Suffice it to say that the last dance was, "The End of a Perfect Day." I really was not going to say any more about it, but I simply must tell you that Susan did go with her Brother Bill. He is the best dancer and, my dear, perfectly stunning. I liked him much. He is coming out to New Rochelle next Sunday.

Senior Class History, Junior Year—Continued

With so much Junior Week on my mind I almost forgot to tell you about the Mid-Year Play, and that certainly does not deserve to be forgotten. It was "The Tempest" this year. Needless to say it was splendidly done.

Write soon to

Your loving

VIOLETTE

C. N. R.

April 14, 1916.

Dearest Betty:—

Please don't expect a long letter, because the first bell has already rung and I am very tired after the social life of this evening. Yes, my dear Betty, I have been to a dance. The Freshmen entertained us.

It was too bad you did not come up for the Meet. It was a glorious Freshman victory. Even though non-combatants this year we were not neutral. How strange! Do you remember when you were a Junior?

We surely are getting old. Just think, we will celebrate our third birthday just two months from now. I hope it will be good weather then, so we can have our party in the courtyard.

After Retreat, home for one week and then back again for a month of work and then Commencement. Commencement, by the way, will be the last week in May, as usual. Will you come?

Ever lovingly,

VIOLETTE

P. S.—May 2, 1916.

Forgive me for not mailing this. I just found it in my pocket. Well, anyway, I can add one item more of good news now. Helen O'Reilly is elected College President. Three cheers for Helen!!!



Senior Year

C. N. R.

November 26, 1916.

Dear Bill:—

I am sorry you could not come for the Tea, but I appreciated your violets. It was very thoughtful of you to remember my class flower.

Election Day was famous this year. We actually went to the movies at night. This was an event in our young lives. Oh, I tell you it pays to be a Senior!

No, I am sorry to say I won't see you at Thanksgiving, for I have decided to spend that week-end at Betty's, but Christmas will soon be here and of course I will see you then. Just at present we are all looking forward to the Christmas

Senior Class History, Senior Year—Continued

dinner at which we are the guests of honor. The Juniors are going to give us our little gifts at that affair, but to get them it needs must be that we walk to the Christmas tree and that fact is the only visible blot on the landscape.

Yes, Bill, I admit that my letters are rather few and far between, but if you had to work on the YEAR BOOK, maybe yours would be, too.

Sincerely,

VIOLETTE

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE,
February 16, 1917.

Dear Aunt Deborah:—

Please send me a costume for the Colonial Ball. Please send it Special Delivery, because the ball is to be on the nineteenth. This is not a letter, dear aunt, but I will write to you tomorrow if I possibly can. You know how busy I am.

Your loving niece,

VIOLETTE

C. N. R.

March 10, 1917.

Dear Bill:—

No Meet this year! It should have been today, but it was not to have been. 'Tis a sad, sad story, too sad to relate. Maybe we will have one in the spring, though, who knows? You have heard of that little song, "Who Knows," haven't you?

I am glad you enjoyed the Mid-Year Play so much. "Props and Paint" has quite a reputation, you know. I hope you will be able to see the Commencement Week Play, too.

The Juniors gave us the prettiest shower, last Tuesday night. You see, Wednesday being Alpha Alpha Day, we could be just as festive as we wished on the night before. The living room was decorated in our own colors and we had dancing and everything. The Sophomores are entertaining us after Easter, too. As I once remarked it is sometimes very nice to be a Senior.

Don't expect to hear from me often after Easter, for the life of a Senior from Easter until June is indeed a busy one. Commencement, by the way, will be the week of June tenth.

Sincerely,

VIOLETTE

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE,
June 4, 1917.

Dear Aunt Deborah:—

I do hope everything will arrive safely by the tenth. I think now I would rather have red buttons than white ones on that class-day dress if it is not too late to change them. I am glad you have decided to spend the entire week here. Be sure to get here in time for the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday.

Your loving niece,

VIOLETTE.







Marion Baxter

*"Begone, dull Care! I
prithree, begone from me.
Begone, dull Care! Thou
and I shall never agree."*

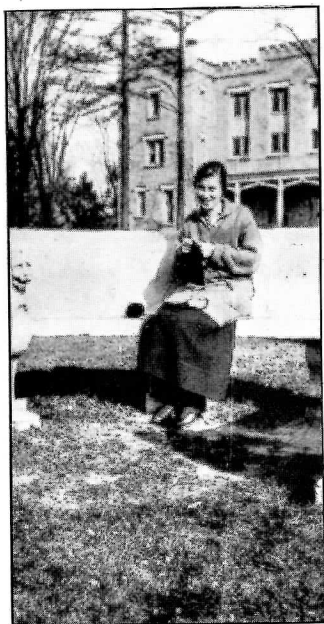
Here we have "Mary Bax"—a delightful combination of seriousness and humor. Full of fun, always in trouble, yet Marion has never been known to do a mean act. Everyone loves her and everyone admires her continual striving towards those wonderful ideals she has.

She has been Captain of our Basketball Team ever since Freshman Year, and her literary power won her the coveted position of Editor-in-Chief of the *Quarterly*. We might call her "Jack of all Trades," but the implied "Master of None" would never fit her. Besides Marion's athletic and literary ability she is one of "Props and Paints" shining lights. It is difficult for us to prophesy, therefore, just what field she is about to enter. But whatever she undertakes, we know she will "get there," even though the clock be late and she must jump the running-board of the last car.



Laura Beach

*"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone,
or despise."*



Her modest and unassuming manner won our admiration way back in Freshman Year. Hers is not that modesty consciously worn to conceal virtues she knows are hers; Laurie doesn't think she has any virtues, and here only will we disagree with her. Wonderful things are hidden deep in Laurie's heart, and those who have been permitted a peep within may consider themselves fortunate beings. Sincerity, sympathy and love are locked in that heart, but the key is easily turned.

One never tires of Laurie's company. She has a good stock of common sense—and she knows how to use it—while her conversation, made brilliant by flashes of real "Yankee humor," is as delightful as it is unusual. Laurie has never said much about her aspirations—she wouldn't talk about herself long enough for that. Can you blame us, then, for being positive that they will be worthy of her?



Marie Burnes

*"A toast to the girl with a
heart and a smile"*

*Who makes this bubble of
life worth while."*

Just one look into Burnsie's blue eyes is enough to give you a suggestion of her personality. It seems to shine in her eyes—the sincerity that is the very keynote of her character, the high ideals that she has the courage to live up to, and the keen Irish wit that refuses to take life too seriously. Burnsie never pretends about anything. She has opinions of her own, and will stand by them in the face of any opposition. The funny little ways of saying and doing things that are all her own only add to her charm and attractiveness.

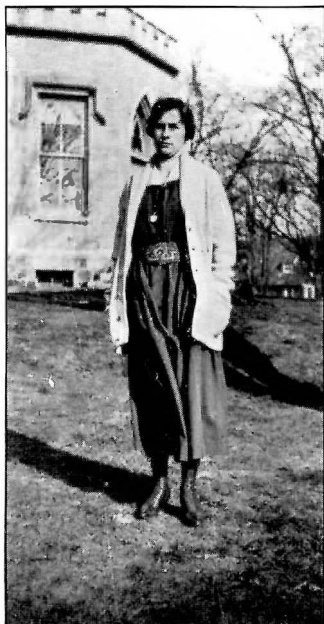
Everything Burnsie does, she does well. She has the rare gift of becoming completely absorbed in whatever she is doing. She's been guard on our team since Freshman Year; every term her name leads the list with at least six exemptions; she dances beautifully and plays exquisitely; besides which, Burnsie has also sung—but keep it dark!

Marie possesses indeed a most lovable personality—high - spirited, light - hearted, sincere, thoughtful of others; she is, in very truth, the kind of girl who "makes this bubble of life worth while."



Mary P. Clary

*"Nothing hinders me, nor
daunts me."*



Here we have the only human dynamo now in existence. It matters not if it be basketball, dramatics or a common every-day class, Mary always goes at it with a will, and always succeeds. We indeed felt sorry for the little girl destined to play against her on one memorable occasion, who said, "Are you the jumping-center?" She was justified in her fears, too, for Mary can play basketball. Mary can also play the Hawaiian guitar, but other residents of Second Corridor have sometimes wished she could not. As we once before remarked, she goes at it with a will.

Mary Prudentia has the A.B. habit; that is, she has been a member of the Advisory Board for four years. Even this fact has not lessened her popularity one bit.

Mary's executive ability displayed itself in the efficient way in which she led Seventeen through Sophomore Year and also in her work on the *Quarterly* Business Staff.

Mary P. has a delightful sense of humor and her laugh is one of the famous laughs of college.



Margaret Conlon

*"The heart of a dreamer,
Linked with dauntless cour-
age."*

Peggy we call her—perhaps that name, with its Celtic associations, its suggestion of varying moods, comes nearest to expressing the mingled touches of exaltation, sadness, tenderness and scorn which make up her nature. Peggy possesses an emotional temperament that makes her feel things deeply and enables her to appreciate equally the humorous and the pathetic. She is at heart an idealist and a dreamer.

Class and college spirit are very strong in her. In Sophomore Year she wrote the song that won our first banner, and in Junior Year she won another for us. A member of the Literary Staff of the *Quarterly* and the *YEAR BOOK*, she is indefatigable in her support of both.

Peg is invariably unselfish and absolutely sincere in whatever she does. There is something about her that makes you want to tell her your troubles—probably because you can be sure of her sympathy, always. She is the sincerest and most loyal of friends; her ideals are of the highest, and she has the moral courage and the strength of character to live up to them.



Elsie Cuddihy

*"Her very frowns are fairer
far,
Than smiles of other maid-
ens are."*



We hardly ever think of Elsie without thinking of her smile and her orchids. Elsie's smile is Elsie, except on such an occasion as the Meet or some event equally as exciting. Then she is a revelation! Elsie and orchids are synonymous almost every Monday morning. Li'l Elsie loves a good time, and this fact reveals why we see her running either from a train to class or for a train to the city.

Elsie's ability to hold her point in an argument brings us to one of her most formidable principles, "Never do anything which has not point," whether it is striving to become a "stenog" or serenading to the strains of an Hawaiian guitar.

Every day this year when the sun is shining out comes Li'l Elsie with her big camera and snaps everything in sight. The reason? Why, Elsie is Photographic Editor of Nineteen - Seventeen's ANNALES, and a glance at this volume will prove her efficiency.



Margery Dixon

*"A merry heart that laughs
at care."*

Marg is so persistently cheerful that it's impossible to be gloomy when she's around. Trouble is more or less of a joke to her, when it affects herself, but when someone else is in trouble, that is a different matter. She'll do everything in her power to help you, for Marg is as generous as she's cheerful—and that's saying a lot.

Into everything she does, she puts her whole heart and soul. Enthusiasm simply radiates from her. She plays a game of basketball as though it were the very end and aim of her existence. She's President of Athletics and Captain of the Varsity, as well as Assistant Business Manager of the YEAR BOOK.

It's the same with lessons. Indeed, her desire for knowledge is phenomenal. If some poor professor, in an unguarded moment, makes a remark with which Marg doesn't agree, woe is his! He might as well give up, because she'll argue it out down to the last detail—and probably have it her way in the end.

It's lucky for her that she's clever and can get her lessons in about five minutes; otherwise they probably wouldn't be gotten, because she hasn't much time to spare. Her nights are all *very* much occupied with other things. And yet, no matter how early in the morning Marg gets home, she always arrives at college the next day bright and—late!



Dolores Doherty

"A light heart and a merry nature."



Dolores and her giggle are so inseparable that it is hard to write of one without the other. It (the giggle) may be heard in the vicinity of Second Corridor at any hour of the day or night. Dolores may have troubles like the rest of mortals, but the rest of mortals never know anything about them if she has.

Doherty, Dol-o-res, has one dangerous obsession. She will embroider, do what we can to prevent it. And such wonderful work does she do that we feel it is an indication of the great things we are to expect of her in the future.

There still remains one very important thing to say of Dolores, and that is that she is one of the "Scranton girls." We know Scranton is indeed a long way from New Rochelle, but we wonder if this distance alone is the cause of that far-away look.



Agnes Brennan

*"If every good deed were a
cent,
She would be a millionaire."*

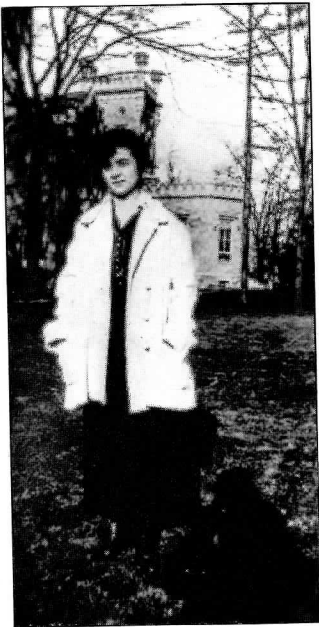
When Aggie first came, we all thought her a quiet, gentle little thing, but that was on account of her eyes. We were soon disillusioned when we found out that she possessed a delightful fund of wit and cleverness, which was the beginning of the end for Aggie. Ever since then, we've heaped all kinds of literary jobs on her—writing songs, toasts, sketches for the class plays, anything at all. She is on the literary staff of the *Quarterly*, and this year she was appointed Literary Editor of *ANNALES*.

But we don't want to give the impression that Aggie is a literary person, because she isn't. She is the best kind of company—always ready to give success to any little joke you might think is good. Also she's very affectionate—oh, yes, she is! There was a girl once—but that's another story. Three things Aggie likes especially; having a good time, harmony, and Helen! So you see that Aggie's tastes are many and varied.



Mary Duffy

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think"
on."*



Mary in righteous wrath is a good one to keep away from, but so seldom do you see her thus that you may find it hard to believe. Whether Keene is the cause of this almost unfailing good disposition, or if it might be said to be in spite of Keene, we are unprepared to say. We have never seen Keene; we know all about it, though.

Mac Duff has been unanimously elected Class Linguist and Official Interpreter. We defy anyone to mention a language she does not know. In fact, it would be difficult to mention any subject that Mary is not familiar with—not that Mary would tell you so. You just have to discover it for yourself.

Mary is shy and very unassuming. She may always be relied upon to say the unexpected, and whatever she says is sure to be delightful. This is only one source of her irresistible charm. She is the best company imaginable, whatever be your mood.



Marion Godfrey

*"I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good."*

Someone once asked Marion what made her so neat and so serious; and she—well, could not explain. Marion really can't help being conscientious and earnest, but that does not make her less sympathetic with the frivolous amongst us.

If ever you should happen to need a comb or a thimble or a needle, ask Marion. Stowed away in that model locker of hers she is sure to have a dainty bag containing everything that you may possibly want during a school day.

Marion's supreme desire just at present is to be a high school teacher, and no one is at all surprised, for she is fitted for holding a position like that. Why, do you know, in a mathematics class she has a way of commanding attention when she answers a question with only one word? And when she is at the desk to give us a geography lesson, no one giggles at the incongruity of it, for Marion seems to be and *is* in her natural realm.



Elizabeth Hansen

*"Tomorrow do thy worst, for
I have lived today."*



Is it possible that our Elizabeth has a double nature? You who see her in school alone know only one side of her character. Elizabeth is a good student as good students go. She is passionately fond of learning, especially of strange new things not on the college schedule. Yet outside of school, away from the library, she hardly thinks of work or of a career. She dances and laughs and talks with no idea of the morrow, so vivid is the present to her. Do not mistake her—Elizabeth is not what you would call a frivolous, butterfly type. She simply lives so whole-heartedly in everything she undertakes that only that is real to her at that moment. This year Elizabeth has something new to interest her, and she may thank the business course for that. Have you ever passed the typewriting room and noticed with how much assiduity she clicks that typewriter of hers?



Irene Hendrick

*"For she was just the quiet
kind*

Whose natures never vary."

Although Irene feels very strongly about things, she seldom shows her feelings. Instead of flying around and getting excited, she goes quietly on, getting a great deal more out of life than most people, probably, but not saying so much about it. One might get the impression at first that Irene is very serious. Well, she isn't; on occasion she can be just as frivolous-minded as any of us. The only difference is that she knows when to be serious and when to be silly—and we don't.

Most people who have brains want everyone else to be very much aware of the fact. Not so Irene—she'd rather keep it dark if she could; she's of the quiet, unobtrusive type that prefers to remain in the background. She doesn't flaunt her knowledge in your face, but when she says anything you know that she knows what's she's talking about.

Two things are inseparably connected in our minds with Irene—generosity and exemptions. She'll do anything for you just to be obliging; and as for exemptions—oh, well, they're second nature to Irene.



Eleanor Hurst

*"With inward dignity and
outward state."*



If you crave information on matters mundane, just ask Eleanor. She is an unfailing prophet of the doings of the Powers-That-Be. What is more, she can tell you all about the late Revolution in Ireland. She does not talk much; in fact, she is very quiet and unassuming, but when she does speak it is always well worth waiting for.

True to her native country she has an unfailing sense of humor, and a sympathy that is limitless as we all know from experience.

Eleanor is a staunch supporter of "Cottage Life Pleasures." We imagine that the great trials and difficulties encountered in going from her domicile to Maura Hall developed in her that disposition to haste; but then she always gets there, so what does it matter?

New Rochelle has one thing to console her in the loss of this member of Seventeen, and that is that she leaves two more of the famous Hurst Sisters to follow in her footsteps.



Virginia Hylan

"Sincerity, thou first of virtues."

Virginia's personality appealed to us the very first time we met her; she interested us all and we forthwith decided to make her acquaintance. But this proved a little more difficult than we had anticipated and we may safely say that after four years of "becoming acquainted," few know Virginia. That is, few know the Virginia her friends know, and what she really is underneath her non-chalant manner.

Her dry wit, keen sense of humor and droll manner of telling a story, make us "prick up our ears" when we hear Virginia's characteristic "No, but wait till I tell you." We can assure you that she can tell something which sends us all into peals of laughter.

She is too frank to be exactly tactful, but then you know that what Virginia says is said *to* you, not *at* you through any medium of exchange.

The outstanding note in Virginia's character is her sincerity—she believes in quality not quantity of friends, although unconsciously she has won for herself both.



Florence Kilcullen

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."



We never imagined that Killy would carry twenty-five hours of class in Senior Year, for we couldn't call her a grind, nor even accuse her of being a student. She has good common sense, but points must be points!

Killy made her début into the dramatic world in Sophomore Year, aspiring to the rôle of an old maid aunt. She was the hit of the season and has been ever since.

Florence has two very sad failings, an insatiable desire for sleep in the morning, and a mighty love of excitement. Every morning since Killy has been at college, the dining room door has closed on her heels at 8 A. M., and every morning Killy has uttered the same wrathful, "It's an outrage, getting us up at this unearthly hour!"

But we must not leave the impression that Killy is all for fun. She is the most trustworthy friend one could wish, and deep! You should hear her opinions on who's who and why; you'd take Killy for a philosopher.



Helen Kingsley

"Mildest manners; gentlest heart."

To know Helen is to love her; to love her sweet manner, her kind, sympathetic nature, her cheerful disposition, for Helen's optimism is a veritable "blues-chaser."

Helen is the most important branch of the Smith family; in fact, she is included in the term "The Smiths," and she possesses the family failing for love of good times and excitement. However, Helen's good times never interfere with her duties. The number of hours she carries and her aptitude for mathematics are quite appalling. Too, you will always see Helen at mass "the morning after the night before," and the brightest one of all the dissipators.

We have found Helen very conservative in regard to her opinions. She never plays "Truth" nor gives her candid opinion, but the often heard expression, "I wonder what Helen thinks," is proof that this very conservatism serves only to make Helen more appreciated.



Cecelia J. Leitner

*"Then she could talk, ye gods,
how she could talk!"*



Doubtless you have heard of people who are perfection itself as regards neatness and method—people who plan everything down to the minutest detail. College has shown us that they really exist. We have a living example in Cele. Of a nervous temperament, she is always busy about something or other. This may partly account for the fact that she is acquainted with nearly everyone in college. Friendliness is indeed one of Cele's outstanding characteristics. Another is her tenderheartedness.

Cele is at her best when she talks about her father and his work. She can talk, too! We've seen girls sit for hours, listening to the tales of "Dad's patients," and the glories of the Hudson. She is passionately devoted to her friends for all time. Her appointment to the Business Management of ANNALES, gave Cele a new field for labor, and in this, success has been hers.



Alice Looney

"Here is a dear true friend."

Someone once called Alice an ultra-domesticated young girl and she has not yet recovered from the shock—neither have we. Alice is the best company imaginable. No matter how old your jokes may be, or how utterly lacking in point, she is sure to give you success. This fact alone shows her charitable disposition. Her good humor is absolutely unfailing. Even when a block in the subway prevents her from getting back in time for Philosophy, we have known her to smile. This is remarkable, for Alice has a perfect mania for classes. This thirst for knowledge has been especially marked in her Senior Year.

Her friendship is something to be sought after at all times but especially on Sunday nights when she returns with a particularly heavy bag. There's a reason! Alice is so very generous.

Once upon a time she spent a whole week-end at New Rochelle. The reason for this strange occurrence has never been quite comprehended.



Alice R. Madigan

*"Happy am I; from care I'm
free.*

*Why aren't they all content
like me?"*



To Alice, attendance at college seems more or less optional. She comes or stays at home as she pleases—and mostly it pleases her to stay at home. Yet in the end she sails through exams just as triumphantly as though she were a regular student. She is so little that one would never suspect her of being one of our star basketball guards. Nevertheless, in spite of her diminutiveness, no goaler that she has ever played against has been able to phase her. In fact, nothing we know of ever has phased her. If a professor attacks her suddenly with some question about which she knows nothing, she never hesitates, but plunges right in, proceeding so plausibly and carefully and with such an "I-can't-explain-it-very-well-but-you-know-what-I-mean" expression on her face that the professor is invariably convinced. Troubles do not touch her; they slide right off her shoulders, leaving her cheerful, courteous, and unfailingly good-natured—the pleasantest and most agreeable of companions.



Marion H. Manning

*"With mirth and laughter let
old wrinkles come."*

You never can take offence at anything Marion does, for she has a way of smiling on all occasions, and you can hardly resist that smile. Maybe you have known a girl like her who in the most serious places—for instance, in Philosophy Class—can make all present frivolous by a wild remark and a contagious laugh. Saying queer, startling things is one of Marion's fortes. And writing queer themes! Was it not her essay on mediaeval customs that a certain stern English professor confessed his incompetence to correct? But do not think Marion is all frivolity. Have you ever felt—well, abandoned by your usual good fortune, and therefore irritable and weepy? You need a tonic, and Marion is the tonic for you. She'll talk you into common sense and maybe make you optimistic; and very soon you will be laughing at some wild comment of hers and wondering why you ever worried about trifles.



Madeleine Mason

*"A daughter of the gods
divinely tall
And more divinely fair."*



"Give me an interesting book, a comfortable chair, a good light, and I am happy." So said our Alpha Alpha president, one October morning, and we are quite positive Madeleine did not refer to her "Coppens." Perhaps she philosophizes to the trees on those wonderful long walks she takes. This seems hardly possible, however, for one must count stitches when one knits.

Madeleine is a very earnest worker and is in her glory at the head of a committee. Few of us will ever forget how madly we worked on those pink parasols! But Madeleine had gotten us all into the spirit of it, so we just gritted our teeth and got busy—longing vainly for fingers skillful as hers.

What patience she had has been sorely tried since she became Photographic Editor of *ANNALES*. We are glad to state, however, that patience is still one of Madeleine's virtues.



Anita McLoughlin

*"—and mistress of herself
Though China fall."*

Because everyone loves her is one reason why Anita was unanimously chosen President of the Sodality. The other reasons are too numerous for the little space we are given. She puts her whole soul into everything she does, and consequently can always be depended upon—indeed, many of our plays would have been minus scenery and other requisites, were it not for her efforts. Yet you never hear her worrying about how much she has to do. Anita is one of those rare characters who accomplishes great things quietly. She has faith in us all, and her kindness reaches everyone.

But you must not think she is all saint; no, indeed! Anita has two great faults—she is curious and she giggles. We hope that she will endeavor with her characteristic earnestness, to correct them, for they do not become a maiden whose will, in all other things, is firm and unbending.



Katherine McNamara

*"And when pain and anguish
wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."*



Katherine came to us in Freshman Year with the proverbial "mother and umbrella." She kept to herself a great deal in those early days, and was wont to weep copiously. But college has proved a wonder-worker. Katherine doesn't weep now; at any rate, she presents a most cheerful exterior and is always prepared with the latest joke.

"Katy Mac" holds a high place in the ranks of those who are skilled in needlework, crochet, knitting, and otherwise. Another pointed instrument which she uses with skillful fingers is the pen. She is one of Seventeen's cleverest writers and is responsible for some of the literature in *ANNALES*.

If she must choose between the needle and the pen, however, we hope Katherine will stick to the latter. We are all selfish enough to wish to be benefited by her talent. We have not forgotten the "Little Grey Home in the West."



Loretta Mc Namara

*"Good nature and good sense
must ever join."*

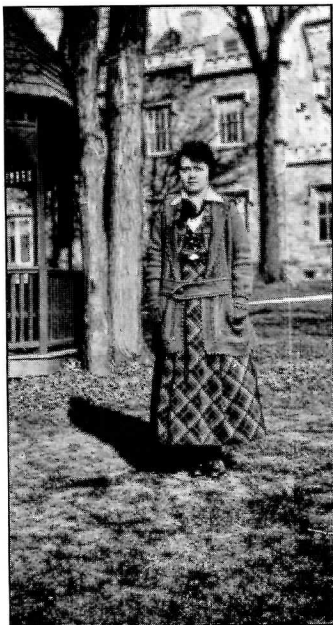
At first you get the impression of bored indifference and a propensity for sarcasm. You're never sure just how she means the things she says—she leaves it entirely to you to take them as you please. But this is only her manner; when you know her, she isn't indifferent and sarcastic at all. She's very much interested in ever so many things, and this year (wonder of wonders!) it seems to be her studies!

Along with her determination, Mac possesses cleverness, originality and versatility. She can do queer little Chinese dances, recite heart-rending little soliloquies on the "need of soap," and sing sweet little "snowflake" songs. She can do Spanish like a streak, and play the Hawaiian guitar so well that the *very tune* is recognizable; in addition to which she is a very efficient and business-like Manager of the *Quarterly*. And besides these things, Loretta is all kinds of fun.



Hester E. Mooney

*"The very room, coz she was
in,
Seemed warm from floor to
ceilin'."*



This is our "Kewpie." Hester not only can imitate to perfection the Kewpie's sunny little face, but unconsciously she reveals his characteristics of happiness and cheerfulness.

She is an ardent lover of "pup" and "pussy"—stray or otherwise—and has been known to delay a party several minutes while she examined the fine points of some "sweet puppy," encountered en route to the village. And right here I may state that the village has great attractions for her, chief among them being chocolate sundaes and "movies." Her interest in everything dramatic may account for her mania for "movies." At any rate she is keenly alive to the faults and charms of all the leading dramatic artists of the day. And you should see her act! "Props and Paint" is truly proud of its president. We are proud of Hester's powers, but we love our Kewpie because she is so lovable.



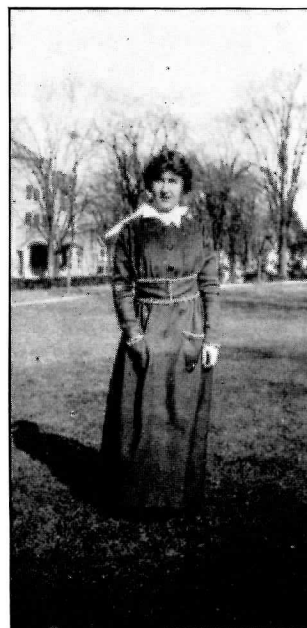
Catherine Mullen

*"Your good disposition is
better than gold."*

Catherine's uncanny propensity for exemptions has been the bane of the envious for years. The funny part of it is that she does not go after them, they just naturally come to her.

It will be the everlasting regret of all that, in her Senior Year, Catherine resigned from the "Perpetual Week-Enders' Club," for her Friday night suppers in Room 42 were an institution. Her success as a hostess is not due entirely to her mandolin, either. She is one of the most generous girls in college. Nothing is too much for Catherine to do for anyone.

Cath has very decided opinions on all civic matters; and if you ask her nicely she will always share them with you. If you show yourself deserving, she will even tell you just why women should vote. There is nothing Catherine enjoys more than a good debate, unless it is sleep. We regret to say she does like to sleep.



Alice O'Brien

*"For though she be but little,
she is—wise."*



Alice is little, but a more dynamic little person it is hard to imagine. One would almost call her the personification of vivacity and energy. Early every morning she comes down from Port Chester, never misses any of her classes and still has plenty of time to walk with you or to help you work if you're particularly hard pressed. Alice's energy finds full vent in a very enviable talent. Did you ever hear her argue? She always convinces you, if not of the superiority of her point of view, at least of the excellent logic of her statements. Her mind is so active that no sooner have you made a statement than immediately to her is suggested arguments and arguments to support or vanquish you. And she gives them to you with such convincing force that it's a pleasure to hear her talk—simply to note how very strong her opinions are.



Gertrude O'Connor

"Much study is a weariness."

At first, Gert seems very calm and indifferent and unaware of your existence. But she isn't. She's just deciding what she thinks of you; if she likes you, you're fortunate; if she doesn't, she won't leave you in doubt about it long. She's never troubled with indecision; her opinions are her own, and are not subject to change.

She has such a weakness for the ridiculous that she could see it even in an exam—almost. In class her sense of humor seems most ungovernable. She has the queerest little laugh—a sort of inward chuckle that rumbles along and finally breaks into a grunt. It's irresistible—you simply have to laugh, too.

Gertie's the best kind of company—time never drags when she's around. And she's so agreeable—willing to do anything; go to the movies, have a good time, give you something to eat, even supply you with the answer to a question,—if by any chance she happens to know it herself. Gert will do anything for people she cares about; her generosity is limitless. Although outwardly she seems very reserved and indifferent, in reality she's as warm-hearted and lovable as anyone we know.



Mary O'Connor

*"Though on pleasure she
was bent,
She had a frugal mind."*



We all have heard of people with a dual personality, and right here we have an example. There is Mary and there is Mocy.

When she is lying on a couch, devouring a magazine or giving to someone her deepest sentiments on friendship, she is Mary. Otherwise, she is Mocy, and Mocy can do and say some of the wildest things imaginable. If ever you want success on a joke, or a good laugh, she is sure to give you both. To her is due credit for most of the college colloquialisms and pet names. The right word seems to pop from Mocy to suit the occasion.

Tucked away in a little corner of her usually cheerful disposition Mary has a temper. It seldom shows itself, but once or twice we have seen it, and lo! Mary of the smiling countenance is transformed into a "Mary of storms."

Mary is so sympathetic that you simply have to be "old pals," and confide in her. You may place absolute trust in Mary. She is a real true friend and she has the happy faculty of making everyone see "the silver lining."



Helen O'Donnell

"Big hearted and generous."

What we associate with Helen is art; not one art, as in the case of so many of us, but art in general. She has won the reputation of being "well read," though she does not consider that a compliment. Yet reading is not the limit of her literary tendency. Helen writes, and writes well. But what she likes most to be associated with and what we like most to associate with her is her drawing.

Personally, Helen is very broad-minded. You never hear her gossip unnecessarily about others. Though she likes to hear your opinion of people, she always answers on being questioned, "Oh, *she's* a peach!" Helen carries this broad-mindedness beyond her school life. She likes to know everything on both sides of a question; and even when one argument seems more heavily weighted than another, she never condemns anything. Closely akin to her broad-mindedness is her willingness to help. She is never too busy or too overworked to offer her assistance when it is called for.



Helen O'Reilly

*"And when she smiled, it
seemed the very sun
Had entered in our hearts."*



When Helen wraps the mantle of her presidential dignity around her, and presides at a college meeting, we Seniors hardly know her. Calm, self-possessed, and immovable as granite, it's little wonder the Freshmen gaze at her with awe and admiration. But the real Helen is altogether different—natural, friendly, sincere,—altogether lovable. And when she smiles, we'll do anything for her; in fact, it has been said that Helen can get anything she wants simply by smiling when she asks for it.

For a college president, Helen is surprisingly fond of a good time. She is quite a professional inventor of jokes, and just as much a professional in the art of giving success. She adores harmony, and loves to sit in a dimly lighted room, gazing afar off and pathetically singing "Sweet Adeline"—much to the discomfort of her long-suffering roommate.

Helen is a favorite with everyone. We admire her for the way she has filled her office—and we love her for herself.



Mary Power

"No matter how you look at it; she's all right."

Mary wasn't very well known during our Freshman Year, but now she has indeed come into the lime-light. (That is meant both actually and figuratively.) Mary *is* dramatic, and this year at the Mid-Year Play she had an opportunity to give proof of that talent. Mary is also an assistant business manager of this volume; and she made a few sketches for it, too. Success in Mary's case is due to perseverance. Mary does what she wants if it takes her months. This quality of Mary's prophesies well for her future, for she has very decided ideas as to what she is going to do.

We cannot help associating with Mary a very real and intense love for college. There's nothing abstract about Mary's college spirit. Mary doesn't reason about it; it's too much a part of her to think of it dissociated from herself. Maybe it is because class spirit is so closely akin to college spirit that Mary has such an abundance, for class spirit and Mary are almost synonymous.



Blanche Proescholdt

*"The heart to dream
And the will to do."*



Once you've seen Blanche, you're not likely to forget her; she has a most striking, unusual, fascinating kind of face. Her eyes are those of a dreamer; and yet she possesses, too, a practical business ability. The way she is editing the YEAR Book is characteristic of her. There's no fuss or excitement or heartrending pleas for support; she simply does the work, where and how it should be done, and there's an end of it.

Blanche's ideas are absolutely original and unusual. She *loves* queer stockings, and she could rave for hours over the architecture of a bungalow. But this we attribute to a little spark of genius that we believe exists in her. If you've ever read any of her poetry, you'll think so, too.

It's always refreshing as well as interesting to talk with Blanche. She doesn't think or say the usual thing. And yet, in spite of the fact that she's unusual, she's just as irresponsible and fond of fun as the rest of us. Ordinarily even-tempered and self-controlled, she possesses nevertheless a capability for deep emotion. If she gets mad, she certainly does it thoroughly. But usually Blanche is just friendly and lovable—the kind of girl that you never tire of.



Helen Ratchford

"Thy voice is a celestial melody."

She came, she sang, she conquered! Before Helen was in college a week her beautifully rich soprano voice had made her famous. But her voice was not the sole cause of her fame. We found that we had in our midst a violinist, a palmist, a Sherlock Holmes, and a scribe. Could anyone thus equipped help being famous?

Then Bessie came, and Helen became more famous along with Bessie. But notoriety did not phase "Ratchy" in the least. She went along her own sweet way, now cutting classes and now resolving never under any circumstances to cut again. And after four years she has issued forth—a student. Yet beware of starting Helen's irresistible giggle! She can giggle herself and you out of a class in no time.

With us all Helen is so frank and so natural that it is a pleasure to talk with her and hear her rather decided opinions. With her friend she is the most loyal girl you could wish for. If you have any doubts as to the truth of this, we simply refer you to Dolores.



May Ryan

*"A maiden never bold, of
spirit still and quiet."*



Years ago, May was one of the little tots in Mother Xavier's baby class. May has never gone to any other school, and that is probably why she has the advantage over us when any question as to the history of the college arises. And yet May never boasts of her superior knowledge; she is far too modest for that. That is her chief fault—modesty. You would never learn from her that she writes poetry and plays the piano. Yet she does both beautifully. And embroider! May has quite a passion for it, and we don't wonder, seeing how very successful she is.

We can not think of May without associating another characteristic with her—pleasantness. Did you ever see May irritable and moody? She is not the kind of girl who greets you smilingly one day, but the next looks dreamily through you. May is always the same, always smiling, sympathetic, appreciative. You may depend on her any day for a pleasant and agreeable companion.



Clare Sheehan

"A generous soul is sunshine to the mind."

Clare is one of the most representative girls in college. She knows everyone, and everyone knows both her and her talents. She can tell some of the most absorbing experiences, and we all feel as though we really know Dad, Aunt Lelia and Ted. If you have ever seen any of Seventeen's plays, you know Clare's dramatic ability. She can make you laugh, weep from laughing, and wait in convulsions of laughter only to laugh some more.

But these are only her extrinsic glories. Intrinsically she is the most tender-hearted and good natured girl imaginable. Your troubles are her troubles, and Clare's cheerful nursing would tempt the dying to live.

Clare's college and class spirit are almost contagious. If ever you want anything done, and done well, entrust it to Clare. For the college, for Glee Club, for Seventeen, she has labored most, and no one can say "'tis labor lost."



Julie Smith

"The laughter of girls is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth."



Julie has two special accomplishments—she can laugh and she can play the piano. Her laugh is irresistible—there's no denying it; it's uncontrollable—there's no hushing it; and it's captivating—there's no getting around it. As for playing, well, Julie can play anything. And she's always willing to play, no matter how often we pester her for "just one more."

One of Julie's special weaknesses is for home and the rest of the Smiths. When she takes the train for Hartford we never know how long it will be before she comes back again. She always stretches the time limit as far as fear of qualies will permit, for qualies she abhors. She hasn't time to take them; there's so much else to do—all the good movies that come to town must be seen and all the best shows in New York. Julie loves a good time. She is altogether friendly and lovable; two traits that have always made her a favorite with us.



Rose Stafford

*"Not much talk—a great,
sweet silence."*

When we first saw her she was embroidering, and it is our firm belief that she been embroidering ever since—except when she has been knitting. Of course, this statement does not apply to the hours between nine A. M. and five P. M., for then Rose has far weightier matters on hand. The greatest question before the House is: which would Rose rather do, knit or work out a problem in Math? And as for exemptions— — — !!!

Rose is most sympathetic—always willing to help a less gifted friend who may seek her counsel and advice on the eve of a fatal day. Such days usually come in the latter part of January and May.

She never gets angry. Of course, we have seen Rose annoyed, but that's a different thing. She is quiet and unassuming, but we know she has very strong opinions on all subjects, even though she does not always express them forcibly.



Gertrude Sullivan

*"Her air, her manners, all
who saw admired."*



Gert is the striking type of girl that people notice immediately. She has a strong, dominating personality—the kind that unconsciously demands attention. There's something very attractive about her—the way she looks, or the way she talks, or something. Anyway, lots of people, especially the under-classmen, find it irresistible. One particularly nice thing about her is that she knows exactly what she thinks about everything, and isn't afraid to say so.

Being naturally talented, Gert can do all kinds of things. She's athletic—in basketball she's a star; artistic—the drawings marked G. S. give proof of that; dramatic—we refer you to the way she played *The Marquis de Mascarille*; and she could be brilliant if she wanted to. But it doesn't cost her much to resist the call of the books.

Interesting, attractive, popular—all these Gert is, but if you want a detailed, tabulated description of her, go and interview some of the under-classmen. You should hear them!



Marie Tracy

*"Oh, blest with temper whose
unclouded ray,*

*Can make tomorrow cheer-
ful as today.*

When Marie was christened "Speed," in Freshman Year, there was much fiction and little truth in its appropriateness. But Marie has increased in velocity so rapidly that now she well deserves her name. Although Marie was once speedless, she was never known to be good-naturedless, and her genuine forgetfulness of self has made her a universal favorite.

We expect any day to hear that Speed has edited a dictionary, for she has an inexhaustible supply of newly coined words with which to pummel her friends. This vocabulary may be due to the extra training she received in Latin. Veritably, were it not for Marie, nine tenths of Nineteen-Seventeen would have flunked Latin, for every night with the ability of a "pony" she would enlighten her less gifted friends.

In vain have we searched for a temper among Marie's mental faculties, for words or circumstances which would make others fly into a rage, merely make Marie smile the more. Yet Marie is sensitive and we have a secret intuition that behind her "laughing mask," often she is not smiling. But that is the Marie of it.



Genevieve Viane

"As merry as the day is long."



Genevieve Viane is a sure cure for the blues. She looks as serious as the rest of us, but that is just where appearances are deceptive, for no one enjoys a joke as does Gen. The fact that it may be on herself does not lessen her enjoyment of it, either.

She is a member of the "Famous Three" of philosophical fame. For this reason she was unanimously chosen for the office of Mistress of Ceremonies of Alpha Alpha Society.

Genevieve's magic qualities of voice not only won the heart of Mrs. Davis but of all who have ever heard her speak. And Genevieve possesses great depth of character as well as of voice.

We wish Genevieve did not live so near, for then we might see a little more of her. As it is, one may truly say, "Now you see her, now you don't." She always runs home at least once or twice a week.

Gen has an unlimited supply of sympathy. This may always be relied upon no matter what your trouble may be.



Helen M. Ward

"—Those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

"Gretchen" is one of Seventeen's best students. We don't want to give you the idea that she is a prude, for Gretch has never been known to miss a trip to the movies. Somehow, though, she always has her lessons prepared.

Helen is one whose character invites study. She has many lovable qualities, but charity seems to outstrip them all. She is one who never feels it her duty to let us know how the rest of the world might be improved—although we are quite positive that she can give us some "pointers" on that subject. Her favorite expressions are, "Well!" and, "Now, you don't know why she did it." We have been told that a kind heart and a sane philosophy are the requisites for a perfect woman. Gretchen possesses both. May they prove trusty guides along the Path of Business which she has mapped out for herself.



Elizabeth Wheeler

"She smiles and smiles."



Bess's fame depends chiefly on her never-failing happiness. At no time have you ever seen her sullen or dissatisfied, and that is because she never is so. Bess possesses one of those rare natures that looks forward to pleasant things in times of disappointment, that sees ahead some joy that is bound to come to her. And usually that joy does come. Just make a point of seeing her the morning after the eventful day, and you may judge for yourself. But perhaps you will have to see her every morning to appreciate how really never-failing her happiness is, for Bess always has some new pleasure to tell you about.

Bess's chief accomplishments are along the artistic line. She writes poetry remarkably well, and writes it for pleasure, too. But she is rather modest about her talent, and no one would have discovered it had we not heard her poems in Sophomore English Class. And now Bess has taken up a new art. Have you ever noticed the gorgeous mufflers she has designed and knitted lately? Oh, Bess!



Janet Yecker

*"And then, little friend of
kindly mind, and temper
sweet."*

Baby Yecker! My, how she has grown since Freshman Year; growing in every way but especially into the hearts of all of us.

We wish she would give us her recipe for always getting everything done at just the right time and in just the right way, yet never hurrying. Perhaps "German efficiency" explains it all.

In her spare moments, Joy runs a very successful Loan Shop, dealing exclusively in household utensils from kitchen stoves up or down to can openers.

Janet says little but does much, and she never lets her left hand know what her right hand does. It has been rumored that she is to receive a Carnegie Medal for saving the lives of several young girls by means of a box from Lancaster. Such is the kindness of Janet's heart that no sooner does said box arrive than all her neighbors and friends are summoned to partake of its contents.

The long and the short of it is that for four years Janet has been Mary Prudentia's roommate.



Helen Zarembo

*"Cares not a pin
What they say or may say."*



Zary is one that may always be relied upon to do just what Zary thinks is right, not what others may think it right for her to do. She is quiet and unassuming, but the few who have penetrated her reserve know what it is to have a staunch and true friend. Since her arrival, Helen has been a "Number Niner" and to hear her tell of the good times there makes everyone else wish she, too, lived there.

If you have never heard Helen speak you have missed volumes. Such a voice! Props and Paint owes much of its success to this. Who will forget the high and mighty King in the Legend of St. Nicholas! The dignity of His Majesty was well suited to Helen, for she is dignified.

Zary has an abundant supply of class spirit, but that looks insignificant beside the amount of college spirit which she possesses. With Zary it is N. R. C. first and Seventeen second.

Class Officers of "1917"

Freshman Year



CLARE SHEEHAN,	<i>President</i>
ISABELLE FRANKLIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY CLARY	<i>Secretary</i>
LORETTA LAMB	<i>Treasurer</i>

Sophomore Year



MARY CLARY,	<i>President</i>
IRENE HENDRICK,	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARION BAXTER,	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN O'REILLY,	<i>Treasurer</i>

Junior Year



HELEN O'REILLY,	<i>President</i>
HELEN KINGSLEY,	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARION MANNING,	<i>Secretary</i>
AGNES DRENNAN,	<i>Treasurer</i>

Senior Year



HELEN O'REILLY,	<i>President</i>
CLARE SHEEHAN,	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN WARD,	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET CONLON,	<i>Treasurer</i>



“Gone, But Not Forgotten”

DOROTHY ADAMS
 MADELINE BRADY
 MARY BRADY
 MARIE LOUISE COWSER
 GRACE DALY
 ISABEL FRANKLIN
 ANNETTE GEST
 EDWINA HANLON
 ELIZABETH KING

LORETTA LAMB
 HELEN McADAMS
 MARIE MASON
 NELLIE MORIARTY
 GRACE NUNN
 BESSIE O'NEILL
 ALICE SHEA
 DORA TÖLLE
 BERNADETTE ZEISER



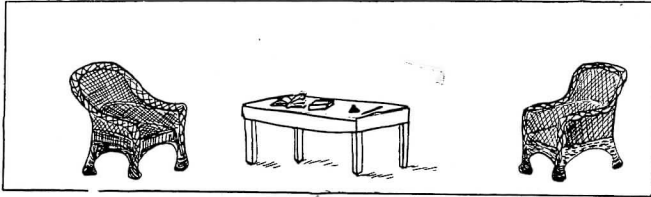
Dedication

Never having been dedicated to before,

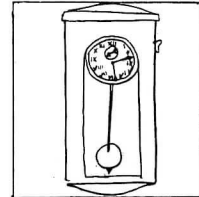
We, the Staff,

Saw our duty, and we done it.

CAMPUS SCENES



The Day - Student's Room



*The controller of
our destinies*



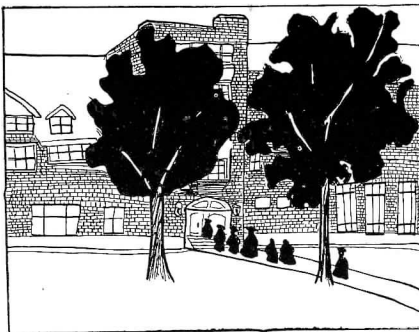
Home for the Week-end



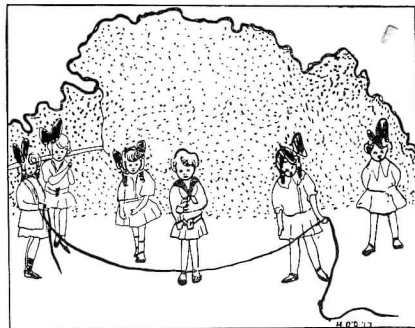
The Chapel



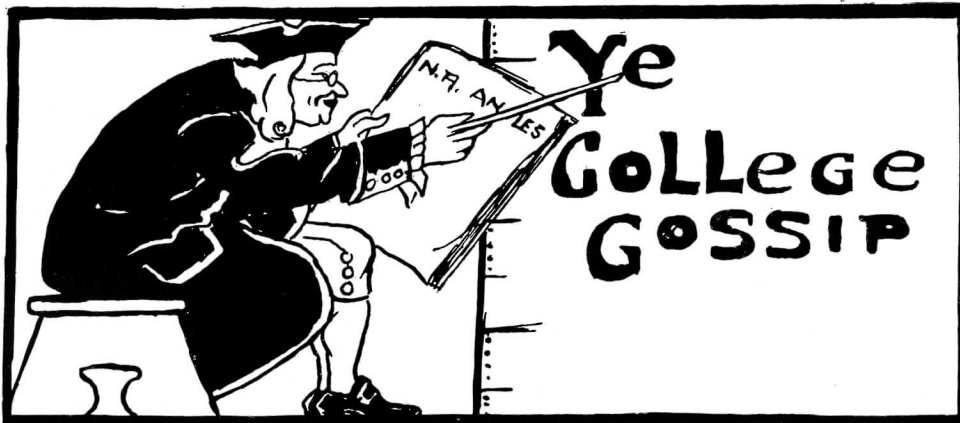
'Varsity



Coming from Fresh

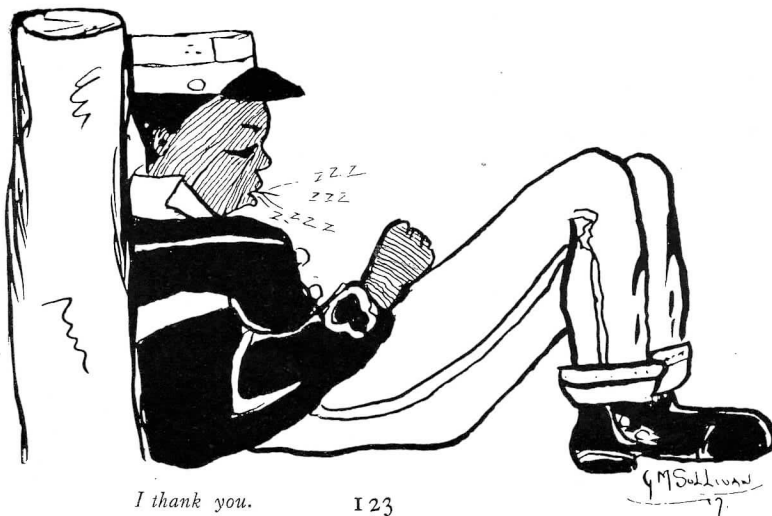


May Day



A point there was
Which now
Is not.
And where
It is
And how
It went
No one can say.
And yet it seems
But yesterday
That I had
Thirty-six,
And now I have
Thirty-five.
And so I try
To find a point
But *the* point—
Is where?
And so I sit
For hours
And think
About this
Pointed question.
And yesterday
As I was sitting
And thinking

It came to me
Quite suddenly
No—not the
Point—
But an
Idea.
It was to go
And take
Domestic Art.
And so
I went.
I sewed and ripped,
And then I
Cut a hole
And sewed
It up again.
And I must go
Now every week
For two long hours,
And sew and rip
And rip and sew.
But oh! with what
Reward!
I gain
My point!



I thank you.



"QUARTERLY" STORE

The "Quarterly" Store

O! the "Quarterly" Store is a very fine store;
A very fine store, you'll agree.
Its candy and ham
And its peanuts and jam
Are greatly beloved by me.

X

O! the "Quarterly" Store is a very fine store,
For it charges things willingly.
The candy and ham,
The peanuts and jam,
I don't have to pay for, you see.

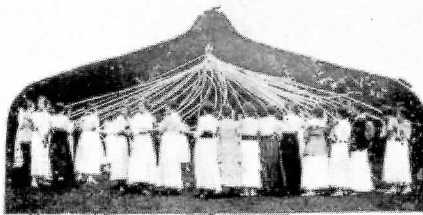
XX

O! my "Quarterly" bill is a very long bill,
For those things beloved by me
(The candy and ham,
The peanuts and jam),
Make a bill that's a mystery.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES..



STUDENT ACTIVITIES.



SEVENTEEN'S WORLD.



Editorial Section



Wit and Humor.



Editor-in-Chief.



Pictorial Section.



Arts and Crafts.

SEVENTEEN'S WORLD



Athletics



Household Arts



Magazines.



Commuters.



Dramatics.

College History

All New Rochelle is divided into four parts. The Freshi inhabit one of these parts, the Sophi another, the Juniori a third, and the Seniori the fourth. All these tribes differ greatly in manners, actions and common sense.

Because of the fact that the Freshi have betaken themselves but recently to Mount Moira, they are not as powerful or as influential as their neighbors, although they exceed them in numbers. Having settled the northern part of Mount Moira in 1916 A. D., and being somewhat secluded from the other three tribes, they have not the same amount of spirit or of interest in home affairs. However, it is thought that after a few more months of intercourse with their neighbors they will cultivate sufficient spirit to at least read those books and letters which pertain to the life of Mount Moira.

The second tribe is strong both in spirit and numbers. Owing to this fact the Sophi frequently wage war with the Freshi, or more often with an influential tribe occupying a neighboring town who call themselves the Facultate. This tribe is small, but very influential in affairs both at home and abroad. The other tribes hold it in great fear lest at any time it should break out and ravish their possessions, stealing their points and destroying their provisions, especially their "Meet." However, the Sophi are accustomed to be successful in almost all their combats.

The third tribe, called Juniori, is more peaceable than its neighbors. This tribe has great zeal for letters, and delights in literature rather than in trading or warfare. The Juniori are on very friendly terms with the influential Facultate who likewise take great delight in letters.

The tribe of the Seniori is the most powerful and influential tribe in Mount Moira, even more so than the Facultate, according to their own reports. They take great delight in games, and like especially to steal away from their letters and hasten to the Forum, there to admire and gaze at those pictures which move about.

Freshman History

'Twas pitch dark on the campus; one of those dear, drear nights when dire deeds are done. Stars and moon, tired out from keeping late hours, had evidently decided to knock off work one evening each week, consequently the dense darkness, or dark density, whichever you prefer.

I gazed around at each familiar spot—or rather, where each familiar spot *should* be, and marvelled at the gloom. Suddenly a wraith-like creature emerged from the shadows and perched itself upon the back of Nineteen-Sixteen's *Exedra* which came into view at that moment. I gazed real hard. 'Twas a *spook*!

"Who art? What dost thou here? Speak!" said I to the Spook, and the Spook spoke.

"Thou thing," it said in creepy tones (and it meant me), "I'll tell thee, little thing, *I'll* tell thee."

"Tell on," I murmured stiffly and with little interest.

"I am here in behalf of my dear wards, the Class of Nineteen-Twenty."

Here his very ghostliness became swelled with pride, but as I remained unmoved, he added, "I wish to see if it be the proper place to send them. You see they are the most gifted of all classes, artistic, noble, graceful—

"Humph!" I interrupted, "Freshmen always are."

"Ah, but my wards are different," he insisted.

"Humph!" I remarked again.

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Freshman History—Continued

That remark peeved him and with a threatening "We'll see," he vanished into the gloom.

"We'll see", I echoed.

* * * * *

"Sixty-four strong the Freshmen gathered." We are not quite sure what it was they gathered, but we are inclined to think it was information. Of course, some didn't need any, but others were not so sure of themselves. It was surprising, therefore, to note with what agility they adapted themselves to their environment. This was undoubtedly due to the manoeuvres of the Spook, who guarded them constantly. His "dear wards" would be quite bereft without him.

The usual comments were made by the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors when the Freshmen came. This is a custom which cannot be done away with, Spook or no Spook.

"Aukes" became prevalent again. Because of their similarity to measles, the "Aukes" spread quickly through the class. The Spook probably saw to it that his "dear wards" had all their children's diseases at the proper time.

The next thing of interest to their young hearts was the city, the great big city at the end of the main line. A Freshman always affects the main line, you know; 'tis beneath her dignity to ride on the Branch.

According to their own account they are good sports and good students. Well, *they* ought to know.

But, hush! 'Tis growing dim—yet, not so dim as it might be. It's the moon's night out. By the light of his brilliant rays I see a figure—the Spook! He smiles at me and unrolls a strip of parchment whereon I read what Nineteen-Twenty is going to do for Alma Mater. I am amazed.

"You see?" questions he.

"I see," I agree.

Nineteen-Nineteen's Sophomore Flowers

It was a day in June, the day before Monsieur Vacation was expected at New Rochelle, and that of course accounted for the unusual flutter of excitement and glee on campus, for it is seldom that a "Monsieur" is ever expected on campus. One only of New Rochelle's fair daughters seemed not to rejoice. Ah, no! It could not be, for with the advent of the apparition called Monsieur Vacation would also come Nineteen-Nineteen's separation from her friend Mademoiselle Sophomore Année. Alas! they had come to the parting of the ways!

The farewell would have indeed been pathetic, had not Mademoisells Sophomore left behind her as a tender and touching token of herself a little bunch of posies. Nineteen-Nineteen scrutinized each with a careful scrutiny, for she had been told that each lovely blossom was symbolic of something dear to her heart. At last she had found the clue!

The beauteous pink rosebud, full of promise of many things, was to remind her of her little sister called Fresh. The autumn leaf, bearing signs of extreme old age (for remember, 'tis the month of June) bespoke of the weary wandering of wuzzy spirits at the time of All Hallow's Eve. The laurel leaves were to represent the success of their dramatic efforts, lest the memory of their former greatness should pass from them. Ah, who but Mademoiselle Sophomore herself could be expected to know the subtle significance of that Jack-in-the-pulpit.

The last flower she gazed upon with caressing glances was a sweet, shy, retiring little forget-me-not. She wept gently and her tears dropped one by one upon it. It brought sweet remembrance of the Seniors. Mademoiselle Sophomore then took out her pocket handkerchief, dried her eyes, and pasted the bouquet in her Memory Book.

Junior History

("If anyone wants to start something, we apologize now.")

I

And then, anon, came Junior Year
Of all our years this the best
With twinkling candles for '20
So lovely.

II

We all looked forward to Junior Week
And lo! at last it came
With dinners and Proms and all sorts of things
So lovely.

III

Soon now we'll be Seniors
And then we won't be Juniors
We'll have dignity and Commencement Week and points and
everything
So lovely.

Senior History

June, 1914.

Dear old Debby girl:—

I would have dropped you a line ages ago, but I was afraid it would break when it dropped. I got here last fall and the first thing I noticed when I came in my room was my closet door, which was attached to a white card. On the card were fifteen rules, but I can't seem to find out what they are for, unless it's to hide the door, which is a sight. I know you'd be wild about my bureau drawers. They're like Mlle. Hoptoad's French class—always in perfect order.

You probably wouldn't care to hear about our social whirl, so I'll tell you. The most thrilling event of the whole year was the Roof Party, which Mother de Sales gave us. She had Patrick take our mattresses up on the roof and sent the maids up to fix our beds. Then she escorted us all up, sat down jauntily on the railing, and told us to go as far as we liked. She had a whole stack of umbrellas brought up and she sat there all night on the railing, just to watch over us and put up the umbrellas in case it rained. Then, to crown it all, she had breakfast served to us on the roof. But then that's nothing unusual. They'd do *anything* to make us happy.

SUNFLOWER

February, 1915.

Sister Susanna:—

We just got the news that one of the Sophomores passed the mid-year's. Isn't that great? We're getting congratulations on all sides.

Yours in jubilation,

SUNNY

October, 1916.

Betty dear:—

I'm *so* happy! Now that we're upperclassmen we have all kinds of special privileges. For instance, we can stay out till five o'clock every night and we don't have to go to bed till ten. And besides this we only have to go to as many classes as we have hours a week. Isn't it the life, though?

SUN

March 10, 1917.

MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

Dear Sir:—

A spirit of jubilation and exuberance is abroad upon the campus. I have recently returned from the gymnasium where the meet was perpetrated. The building was substantiated to its capacity; banners were afloat upon the air, and the echo of songs resounded. The only thing lacking was the game, but that, to be sure, was a mere trifle. We scarcely noted its absence.

Respectfully yours,

FLOWER

Rosie ees Disillusion'

I cama to da college herè,
Da leetla, Fresha girl,
My skirt she been da mucha up,
My hairs da nice fat curl.

I teenka I weel have some fun,
Da gooda time, you bet,
Weet nica party, bigga feast,
An' movee show—ma chet!

But I been maak da gran' meestaak,
Com' in one awful class,
Da Seventeen—sucha steek!
I fin' dees out so fas'.

Dees class he been so funny one,
He no like anny fun,
But maaka stud' da whole day long,
An' sava up da mon'.

No go to Loew anny time,
No do da annyteeng,
He get heem in da bed at night
Before da bell ees reeng.

Dey been da teacher's lettla pet,
So mucha teengs dey know,
And leeft da Hand Book 'round weet dem
To anny place dey go.

Oh gollies! but dey been so good,
Weet study and weet pray,
I no could stan' eet vera long,
An' so I com' away.



"gave"

"Laura"



"gave"



"gave"



"12g"



"Little Elaine"

"Marge"



"Dolores"



"Marge"



Limericks

GENERAL CHARACTER: One shoe off and the other shoe—a sneaker.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Lucky.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: A loyal friend.

MARION BAXTER

There was a young lady named Beach,
Who used very little her speech,
But when she did start
You could see that great art
Was concealed in the speech of Miss Beach.

LAURA BEACH

Sometimes we sit and we ponder,
We wonder, consider, and think,
What Burnsie would do if she ever
Were minus her bottle of ink!

MARIE BURNES

Mary had a little brain
With much grey matter in it,
Professors ne'er can speak a word
The gist of which she has not heard
And breathed it forth the previous minute.

MARY CLARY

If Peg ever happened to stumble,
And into a square pit should roll,
Beyond doubt it would illustrate finely
A round Peg being in a square hole!

MARGARET CONLON

Elsie has a camera,
It takes good pictures, too,
But every time you turn around,
She snaps a shot at you.

ELSIE CUDDIHY

"Did you say something?" Marge asks,
"Well, I don't think it's true,
So please produce your reasons and
We'll argue this thing through."

MARGERY DIXON

There was a young girl so gay,
Who giggled most all of the day.
The habit so grew till it seemed to a few,
She soon would be giggled away.

DOLORES DOHERTY

No matter how late is the hour,
Be it eleven or twelve, forsooth,
You'll never find Aggie refusing
To join in a nice game of Truth.

AGNES DRENNAN

There was a young lady named Duff,
Who, domestic art and such stuff
She said she would take,
But what a mistake!
"Woof and warp!" She never could bluff.

MARY DUFFY

Limericks—Continued

I love my dear teachers,
I love their sweet ways,
For if I am studious,
They'll give me all A's.

MARION GODFREY

NAME: Elizabeth Hansen.
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERISTIC: L.L. of our sister class.
PRINCIPAL SCENE: Locker room.

ELIZABETH HANSEN

GENERAL CHARACTER: Preparedness.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Tea cup, kettle, and ginger.
PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION: A day-scholar room.

IRENE HENDRICK

News of trips to Fordham
Comes lately to our knowledge;
Of course, we know not why she goes,
But we *think* she likes the college.

ELEANOR HURST

Once upon a morning dreary
When Virginia felt quite cheery
In a Spanish class so weary,
Virginia laughed—ah! fates deplore!
Quoth Virginia—"Never more."

VIRGINIA HYLAN

The college musician is "Killy,"
She guitars till she nearly grows silly,
But the reason for this
Is a point she can't miss;
So the college musician is "Killy."

FLORENCE KILCULLEN

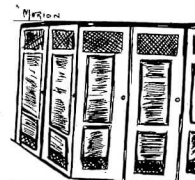
Listen, my friends, and you shall hear,
Hear in a style which is simple and clear,
Hear of a miracle, wondrous and big,
Miss Helen Kingsley just *loves* to do "Trig."

HELEN KINGSLEY

GENERAL CHARACTER: Compound, complex, declarative.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Noisy.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: How it's sung in vaudeville.

CECELIA LEITNER

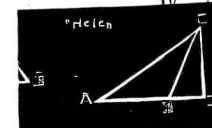
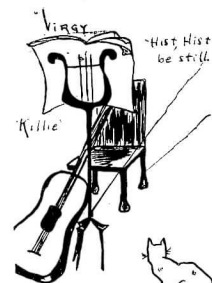
College of New Rochelle	
New Rochelle, New York	
Student Report	
Elizabeth Kingsley	
Grade Class	
Miss M. Godfrey	
Latin	A
Spanish	A
French	A
English	A
German	A
Maths	A
History	A
Physics	A
Chemistry	A
Science	A
Art	A
Music	A
Physical Education	A



Elizabeth
Irene



"Eleanor"



"Cele"



Dimericks—Continued

GENERAL CHARACTER: "Judy friendly."
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Stubbornness.
CONTRIBUTION: Parties every Monday morning.

ALICE LOONEY

GENERAL CHARACTER: Tutored in the rudiments of many desperate studies.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: A talking knowledge of an astounding number of things.
PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION: "Madigan's Own Method of Bluffing the Faculty."

ALICE MADIGAN

GENERAL CHARACTER: Serious, earnest, hard-working student.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Abnormal love of study.
PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION: How to pursue one's studies.

MARION MANNING

GENERAL CHARACTER: Stateliness.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Neatness.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: An able photographer.

MADELEINE MASON

Giggle, giggle, little maid,
Art not troubled, not afraid
That some Laughing Bugaboo
Will, some day, run off with you?

ANITA McLOUGHLIN

GENERAL CHARACTER: A Bostonian to the finger-tips.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Her accent.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: A history of Seventeen's doings.

KATHERINE McNAMARA

Sometimes at night, across the room,
Mac sees a white form creep;
And thereupon she yells and screams
And loses half her sleep.

LORETTA McNAMARA

There was a young lady named "Mooney";
We never considered her loony;
But when she saw Gert,
She became quite a flirt.
Such was the case of Miss Mooney.

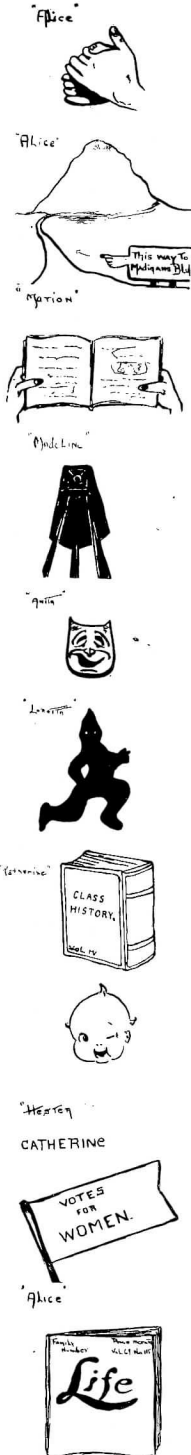
HESTER MOONEY

When I am getting really old,
At twenty-eight or nine,
I shall be a suffragette,
And suffer all the time.

CATHERINE MULLEN

GENERAL CHARACTER: Little, quick, decisive.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Exclamatory.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: Views on all sorts and conditions of life.

ALICE O'BRIEN



Limericks—Continued

To college came a maiden young,
Her purpose was to study,—
But after she had staid a while,
She murmured, "I should worry."

GERTRUDE O'CONNOR

Mary lived in a cold, cold room,
Which wasn't very nice,
For every time she cried or laughed,
Her tears would turn to ice.

MARY O'CONNOR

Before Helen came to college,
She was noted for her knowledge;
But since then facts and theories grew,
Till now her knowledge staggers you.

HELEN O'DONNELL

(The girl I crave has got a magazine cover).
So Helen goes a hunting
This cover for to find;
And if she gets that cover,
There'll be another fined.

HELEN O'REILLY

If news of fair Yonkers you would hear,
Ask all your questions when Mary is near.

MARY POWER

If you want information on the social situation
Of the country or the cuts of beef they sell you,
All about aesthetic dancing or how painting is
advancing
In Japan—ask Blanche, she'll tell you
For she read it in a book!

BLANCHE PROESCHOLDT

GENERAL CHARACTER: Individualism
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Her heavenly voice.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: Thoughts on friendship.

HELEN RATCHFORD

GENERAL CHARACTER: Carefulness.
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE: Beautiful embroidery.
CONTRIBUTION TO SEVENTEEN: History of the college.

MAY RYAN

Clare had a little enthuser,
A wonderful thing to behold,
It enthused over this and enthused over that,
And it never grew weary or old.

CLARE SHEEHAN

When Julie gets off from the Hartford train,
After vacation is o'er,
She murmurs a longing, heartfelt wish,
Just to be home once more.

JULIE SMITH

Gertrude
ερδς φρρυαν
ish - Ke bible



"Mary"
Y-K-L-E-N



"Blanche"
(-)k-Led



"May"
Y-K-L-E-N



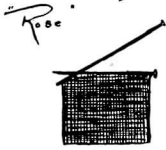
"Clare"
Y-K-L-E-N



"Julie"
Y-K-L-E-N



Dimericks—Concluded



She plays the ukelele,
Crochets and knits and sews,
But most of all we think she likes
To walk where Mad'line goes.

ROSE STAFFORD



It's not to read Wall Street statistics,
Or get news of the great social whirl,
That every night Gert buys the Journal,—
It's to cut out the Nell Brinkley girl.

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN



Everyone has heard of Marie,
A philosopher she'd love to be,
But her logic falls flat
When she recites it to—(her Prof.)
And she quakes from her head to her knee.

MARIE TRACY



There was a young lady who said,
"I am sure I would rather be dead,
For to study this stuff puts me all in a huff;
My head feels as heavy as lead."

GENEVIEVE VIANE



Helen Ward, the maiden's name,
Though some would call it "Gretchen,"
We know not why nor whence the same,
But, still, we think it fetchin'.

N. B. Perhaps the maiden's love for a certain Celia
of German parentage—? "One never knows,
does one?"

HELEN WARD



There is a young lady named Bess,
Who is known as a poetess,
She writes of true love and the sunshine above,
Does this young poetess named Bess.

ELIZABETH WHEELER



Janet is a little girl,
But she has the cutest ways;
And that is why since Freshman Year,
She has "prologued" in our plays.

JANET YECKER



When it comes to real class spirit,
There is no one, let us say,
Who compares with our friend, Zarie,
Why she even throws coins away.

HELEN ZAREMBA

Indexed Notebook

The following notebook of definitions and illustrations has been compiled by a worthy student. She will unselfishly give of her knowledge to all who may be interested in the subjects found there.

Apologetics

Babel—The first night after a summer vacation.
Mystery—The system of cuts in college.
Miracle—Not being called upon the day you didn't prepare.
Religion—An indescribable something one gets at exam and meet time.

Economics

Lockout—Dining Hall at 8.06 A. M.
Bank Notes—Bases of purchasing power one has now and then, mostly then.
Closed Shop—Woman's Exchange, any holiday.
Panic—Philosophy exams.
Mints—Little white confections one may take when she is not eating candy.

Sociology

Characteristic of a group—Brilliant repartee.
Conflict—Action which takes place the day exemptions are posted.
Adaptation to environment—marvelous uses of hatpins.
Tribe—A crowd in the room over yours.

Philosophy

Life—A cold, glassy stare.
Certainty—An empty purse.
Concrete ideas—Those born in the mind of a bonehead.
Power of appreciation—One's ability to give success.

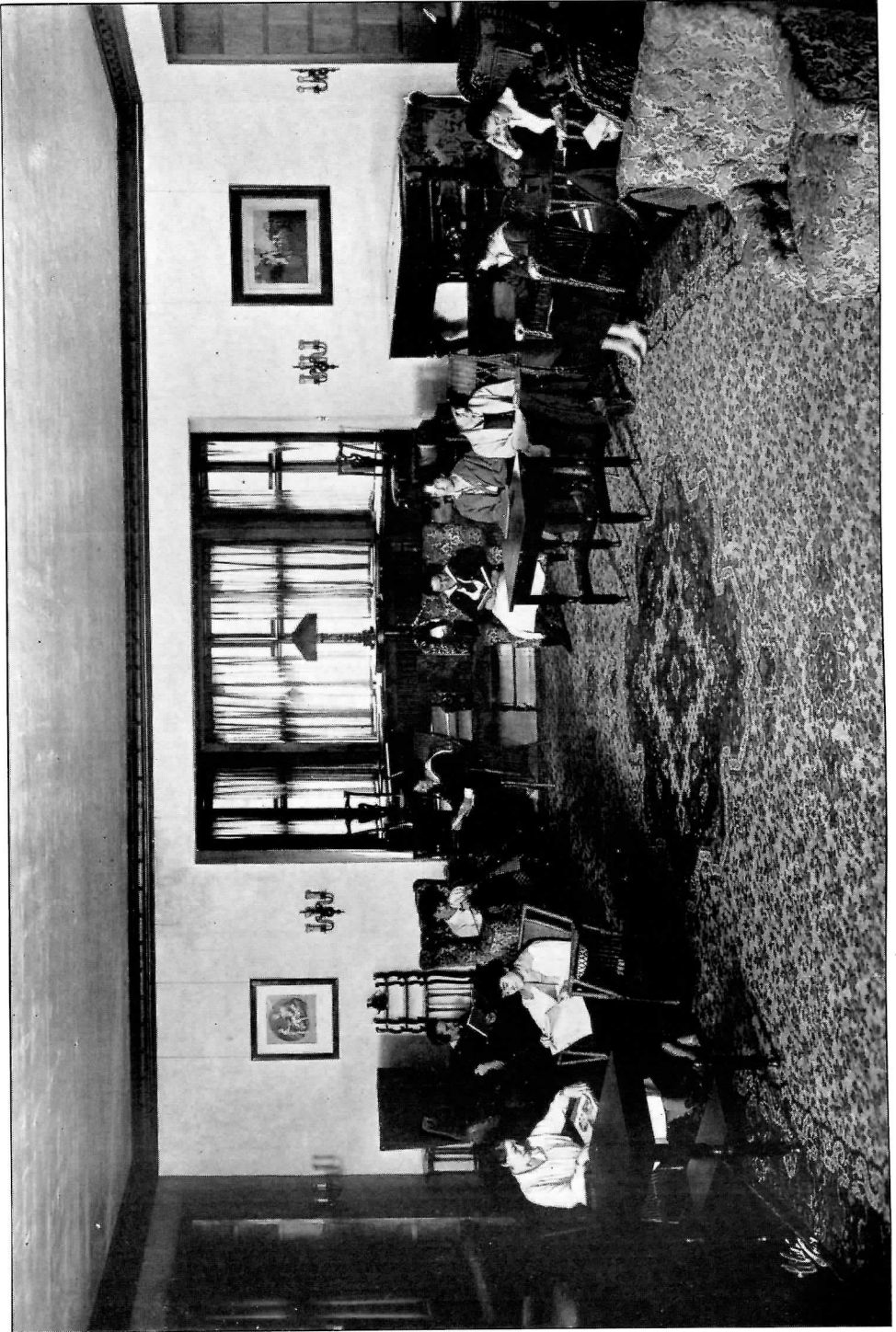
Last year I had exemptions three,
But now I started out to see,
If I could be among the bright
And outshine everyone in sight,
So that when June would come again,
I'd have six nineties to my name.

We've been to school three weeks this year,
And all my hopes have fled, my dear,
I have behaved just like a clown,
And all my marks are creeping down,
And on the "Qualy" list I see—
Trig, Latin, French, and History

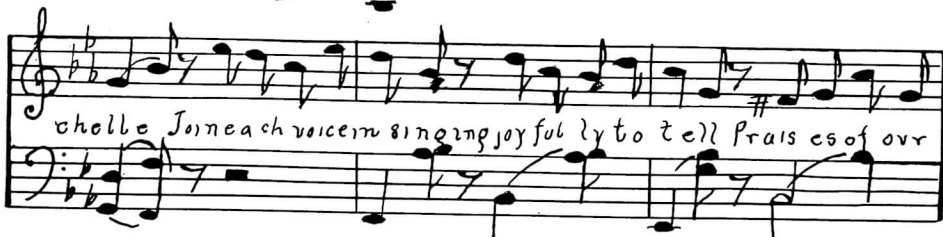
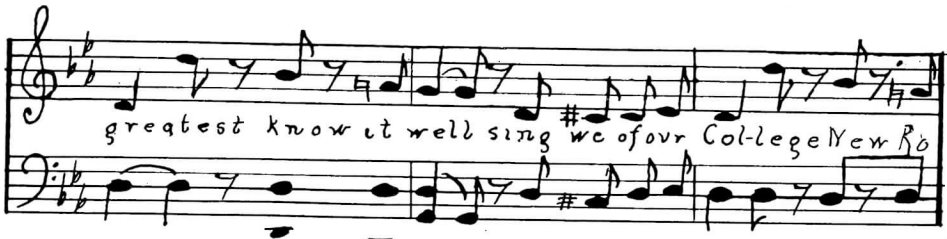
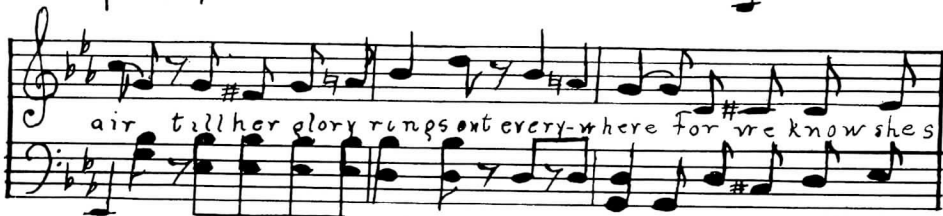
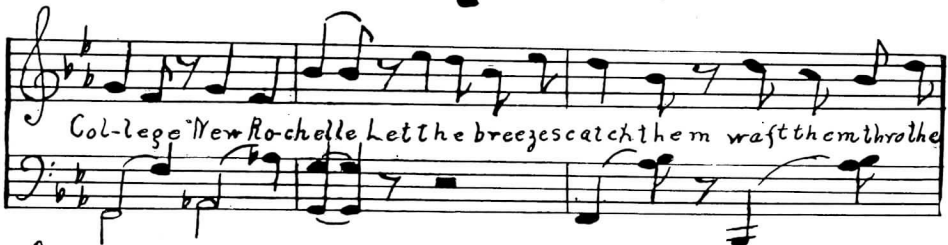
THE MAKING OF AN AB.



COUNT THE POINTS.



BANNER SONG.



Col-lege New Ro-chelle let the breezes catch them waft them thro'

air till her fame and glory rings out every where. Fine.

And when we come to take our part in this great world of

ours The thoughts of hap-py days spent here will

cheer our lonely hours And when we win the

fight in life we'll know whence courage came we'll

place our tribute at her feet who led us on to fame D.C.

H. H. H. H.



- SEPT. 26—The old familiar scenes—but something's missing!
- SEPT. 27—Registration. Work on chapel, the topic of conversation.
- SEPT. 28—Mass of the Holy Ghost. New B. S. course. Bells! bells! bells!
- SEPT. 29—Freshmen monopolize gym corridors, to our discomfort. First week-end.
- OCT. 1—Seniors enjoy all their privileges. Sunday walk to village and Lady Stairs.
- OCT. 2—Eighteen hour law established. We resort to point counting.
- OCT. 3—"Which English course is easiest?"
- OCT. 4—Getting used to things, new professors, enlarged chapel and the absence of Sixteen.
- OCT. 5—Freshmen elect chairman. First tea-room for the benefit of ANNALES.
- OCT. 6—ANNALES staff started at work with a will. Motto, "Make hay," etc.
- OCT. 10—No easy English course.
- OCT. 12—First college meeting. And Helen was a real *smiley* president!
- OCT. 13—"Quarterly" has its first meeting.
- OCT. 15—"I'd like to get hold of the girl who said Senior work was easy English!"
- OCT. 19—Hester tried to find out what was under the Sophomore table.
- OCT. 20—Fr. Halpin blessed the caps and gowns of the Freshmen in living room and Rev. Mother presented them.
- OCT. 21—"Founder's Day." Many old friends back.
- OCT. 23—First Alpha Alpha meeting. Juniors admitted.
- OCT. 26—Hallowe'en Masquerade. There *is* such an "animile."
- OCT. 28—Hockey team started.
- NOV. 1—All Saints Day. A holiday. Initiation into the mysteries of observing.
- NOV. 2—"I wonder if we'll get Tuesday off."
- NOV. 6—Campaign speeches on campus. President Wilson wins in straw vote.
- NOV. 7—Election day. Class all day. Seniors attend movies at night.
- NOV. 8—Wild excitement over election returns. Nobody knows, but everybody cares.
- NOV. 9—The college voted well.
- NOV. 16—Senior Oratorical Contest.
- NOV. 26—Annual College Tea.
- NOV. 28—Sophomores present the "Upper Room." We're proud of our little sisters.
- NOV. 29—Thanksgiving vacation—so soon?
- DEC. 4—Classes resumed.
- DEC. 6—Concert in the gym.
- DEC. 7—Sodality Ball. We had our own Statue of Liberty, illumination and all.

The College Calendar—Continued

- DEC. 8—Sodality Day. A holiday. More observing!
DEC. 13—Senior play (?) for benefit of ANNALES—but we needed the money.
DEC. 14—Junior Oratorical Contest.
DEC. 20—Sonata Recital. Christmas tree for the children.
DEC. 21—Christmas dinner—in fear and trembling.
DEC. 22—Christmas vacation begins.
JAN. 8—Christmas vacation ends.
JAN. 18—Apologetics exam. They mean so much now!
JAN. 19—New lecture chairs for Sophomore room create much excitement.
JAN. 22—Exam week. Exemptions few and far between.
JAN. 29—Beginning of new term. Many resolutions made.
FEB. 2—Columbia Glee Club Concert in gym.
FEB. 7—Junior week begins. "Turn backward, Time."
FEB. 8—Juniors give their play.
FEB. 9—Junior Prom. Most of Seventeen was there.
FEB. 14—Freshmen entertain Sophomores. Valentine Box in Quarterly Room.
FEB. 19—Colonial Ball. Many were the heads that were powdered that night.
FEB. 20—Alumnae Play in gym. Reception later in living room.
FEB. 22—Washington's Birthday a holiday this year.
MAR. 4—Six Seniors go a-Maying. "Snowball" Club formed.
MAR. 5—Junior-Sophomore Basketball Game. Sophs won. Lost—the Sophomore favors.
MAR. 6—Juniors give Seniors a "shower" in living room.
MAR. 7—Alpha Alpha holiday enjoyed by Seniors and Juniors.
MAR. 8—War broke out on campus—all on account of the game we *didn't* play with the Sophs.
MAR. 9—"There shall be no meet." On account of the war?
MAR. 10—Fierce fun!—and it wasn't an Ember Day, either.
MAR. 15—The YEAR BOOK almost went to press.
MAR. 17—Nineteen-Sixteen's Reunion.
MAR. 19—*Last* YEAR BOOK meeting. We are introduced to our Philosophy thesis.
MAR. 22—Sophomore Tea-room for ANNALES.
MAR. 29—Jungle Sale.
APR. 3—Sociology reports due. Retreat begins.
APR. 7—Retreat ends. Easter vacation begins.
APR. 15—Easter vacation ends.
APR. 18—Seniors entertained by Sophomores.
APR. 19—Glee Club Concert.
APR. 26—Junior Play.
MAY 17—We carry our "Umbrells" for the last time.
MAY 19—May Day.
MAY 31—Sophomore Play.
JUNE 4—The "Cities" begin.
JUNE 10—Commencement Week. Baccalaureate Sermon. Speaking Contest.
JUNE 11—Commencement Exercises. Alumnae Dinner.
JUNE 12—Senior Reception. Glee Club Concert.
JUNE 13—Sodality Day.
JUNE 14—Campus Play.
JUNE 15—Class Day. Farewell Party.
JUNE 16—Banner Day.
JUNE 17—Wide, Wide World!

The Staff of "Annales" wishes to thank
Miss Helen Zarembo for her generous
assistance in the work of the art de-
partment.



We wish to thank all those who have helped to make this book possible, including the advertisers, who will appreciate your patronage.

—The Editors

THIS IS AN INDEX

to the world of shops. The question "Where can I get it?" will never trouble you if you are familiar with this list—so read it now.

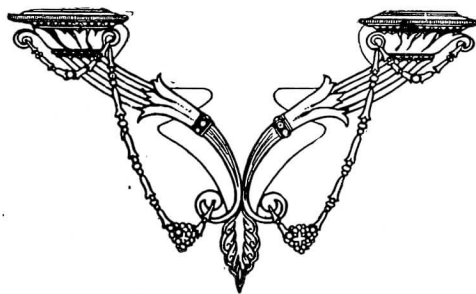
	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Banks</i>			
CENTRAL NATIONAL.....	174	LOUIS KENNEDY.....	177
CITY NATIONAL.....	174	DR. GEORGE A. LEITNER.....	163
GREENWICH NATIONAL.....	159	M. H. LOONEY.....	178
GREENWICH TRUST COMPANY.....	160	MAHER BROS.....	176
NEW ROCHELLE TRUST COMPANY.....	150	P. J. MENAHAN.....	164
NYACK NATIONAL.....	162	ED. P. O'MEARA.....	153
		EDWARD A. SHEEHAN.....	162
		JOSEPH A. SOLAVEI.....	156
		PAUL VIANE.....	174
<i>Candies and Delicacies</i>		<i>Costumes and Fancy Dress</i>	
BOSTON SPA.....	166	ABRAHAMS.....	175
BEISGEN, MARTIN.....	158	CHRISDIE.....	157
LAURICELLA.....	166		
LOSI.....	158		
<i>Corsets</i>		<i>Cleaning and Dyeing</i>	
THE VAN ORDEN SHOP.....	167	KNICKERBOCKER.....	175
<i>Compliments of</i>		REES & REES.....	157
ALUMNAE.....	177	SCHWARTZ & BEHRENS.....	175
DR. BRAHMS.....	172		
THOMAS J. CLARY.....	168		
P. S. CLARY.....	175		
JOHN D. CRIMMINS.....	183		
ESTELLE H. DAVIS.....	179		
JOHN FERGUSON.....	164		
A FRIEND.....	152		
A FRIEND.....	152		
A FRIEND.....	154		
A FRIEND.....	164		
A FRIEND.....	164		
A FRIEND.....	165		
A FRIEND.....	179		
LOUIS GOLDSTEIN.....	164		
JACOB GOELL.....	156		
W. HIGGINS.....	166		
ADRIAN ISELIN.....	182		
WILLIAM ISELIN.....	179		
		<i>Department Stores</i>	
		B. ALTMAN & Co.....	151
		FRANKLIN SIMONS & Co.....	169
		CHAS. N. MEAD.....	160
		WARE'S.....	154
		<i>Food Products</i>	
		N. W. BENEDICT.....	171
		CUSHMAN.....	167
		HAMBURGER.....	171
		HANSEN, O. X. O.....	170
		SHEA & CULLITON.....	177
		SHULTS BREAD.....	166
		JAMES TIMMONS.....	176

ADVERTISERS—Continued

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Florists</i>		<i>Ladies' Shops</i>	
BASSI FRERES.....	160	HARRIET BACK.....	157
VALENTIN BURGEVIN.....	176	MRS. VAN. BOKKELEN.....	176
PATTERSON.....	177	CUNNINGHAM & FOX.....	172
<i>Furriers</i>		HELEN JOYCE.....	160
PAUL.....	168	LEONORA WAIST.....	172
<i>Garages</i>		LITTLE SHOP.....	163
ALLEN BROS.....	159	PARIS MILLINERY.....	172
BJORK.....	175	RENARD.....	162
GREENWICH CAB CO.....	156	<i>Lawyers</i>	
<i>Hair and Scalp Treatment</i>		CHAS. E. RUSSELL.....	165
MABEL ATCHISON.....	173	DAVID HIRSHFIELD.....	165
MRS. M. C. BOND.....	172	<i>Manufacturers</i>	
<i>Hotels</i>		AMBER CHEMICAL CO.....	176
THE BILTMORE.....	153	BELL-AN CO.....	163
THE MAPLEWOOD.....	167	CONLON'S CIGARS.....	169
THE OSBORN.....	177	COTTREL & LEONARD.....	155
PEPPERDAY.....	153	W. J. FEELEY CO.....	176
THE PLAZA.....	154	H. HANKEY & CO.....	174
THE ST. FRANCIS.....	161	<i>Pharmacies</i>	
<i>Instruction</i>		COUTANT.....	167
BIRD'S BUSINESS SCHOOL.....	181	L. P. O'FARRELL.....	155
FORDHAM UNIVERSITY.....	155	SELTMANN'S.....	170
IONA SCHOOL.....	152	<i>Photography</i>	
McEVoy SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY...	178	COLONIAL STUDIO.....	160
PROF. FRED. PROESCHOLDT.....	171	MARY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.....	160
PROF. HARRY S. SIX.....	172	ROBINSON'S STUDIO.....	173
WESTCHESTER COMMERCIAL.....	173	SUBURBAN STUDIO... ..	170
<i>Jewelry and Silverware</i>		WHITE'S STUDIO.....	180
CARSON.....	170	<i>Plumbers</i>	
SIMPSON.....	173	JOHN BUCHANAN.....	158
TIFFANY & CO.....	3	MATTHEW MALONE.....	166

ADVERTISERS—Continued

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Printers</i>		<i>Tailors</i>	
AMERICAN NEWS Co.....	175	BOLINK.....	173
BENZIGER BROS.....	178	I. LEAF.....	173
HAUSAUER-JONES.....	185	STORCH.....	173
THE LITTLE PRINT SHOP.....	173		
<i>Real Estate and Insurance</i>		<i>Tea Room</i>	
JAMES D. McCANN.....	172	THE EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S	
FRED. RHODES.....	172	WORK.....	170
STATE REG. & SECURITY Co.....	176		
LAURENCE TIMMONS.....	158	<i>Miscellaneous</i>	
WILLIAM WHITE.....	175	ALBANY TEACHER AGENCY.....	156
		CRUDE RUBBER.....	163
<i>Shoes</i>		ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING Co....	184
KAHN.....	167	JOHN FARRELL.....	170
LAZARIS.....	170	MAGUIRE OPTICIAN.....	155
		MALSTEDT COAL Co.....	170
<i>Stationery</i>		MERCHANTS ASS'N.....	161
W. H. MAHONEY.....	158	PEASE PIANO Co.....	176
MEAD.....	159	SANTE FE R. R.....	161
		TRACY TOWING LINE.....	157
		JOSEPH CHRISTIANO.....	159



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MURPHY, JULIA, '19	Gage, Yates Co., N. Y.
NORMILE, CATHERINE, '20	2430 Third Ave., Watervliet, N. Y.
O'BRIEN, ALICE, '17	50 Washington St., Port Chester, N. Y.
O'BRIEN, IRENE, '19	2 Abendroth Place, Port Chester, N. Y.
O'BRIEN, MARGARET, '20	Chatham, N. Y.
O'BRIEN, MARTHA, '20	50 Washington St., Port Chester, N. Y.
O'CONNOR, GERTRUDE, '17	761 Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.
O'CONNOR, MARY, '17	91 Cedar St., Branford, Conn.
O'CONNOR, MARY, '20	32 Fayette St., Binghamton, N. Y.
O'CONNELL, MARIE, '20	1284 Union Ave., N. Y. C.
O'CONNELL, GENEVIEVE, '19	859 Avenue D, Rochester, N. Y.
O'DONNELL, HELEN, '17	359 West 120th St., N. Y. C.
O'GRADY, FLORENCE, '18	1475 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
O'MARA, MAY, '20	163 First Avenue, Long Island City
O'REILLY, HELEN, '17	1428 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
OTTO, MARIE, '20	1619 Ditmas Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
PARKER, JENNIE, '20	Locust Ave., Port Chester, N. Y.
POWER, MARY, '17	154 Ashburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
PRENDERGAST, FRANCES, '20	Hall, Ontario Co., N. Y.
PROESCHOLDT, BLANCHE, '17	555 Webster Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
QUINN, ELINOR, '20	18 Alcot St., Allston, Mass.
RATCHFORD, HELEN, '17	6 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.

Students' Directory—Concluded

REGAN, TESS, '20	966 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
RIDER, GERTRUDE, '19	35 Fairfield Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.
RILEY, HELEN, '20	718 Beck Street, Bronx, N. Y.
RIORDAN, MARY, '18	94 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.
ROBINSON, MADELINE, '20	426 76th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
ROCHE, FLORENCE, '19	1332 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
ROHN, MARIE, '19	480 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
ROONEY, MARY, '20	3143 Decatur Ave., N. Y. C.
ROUTH, BESSIE, '18	368 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
RYAN, DOLLY, '18	44 Willow Drive, New Rochelle, N. Y.
RYAN, MAY, '17	741 St. Owen Place, Bronx, N. Y.
RYAN, SARA, '19	326 Walnut St., Spring City, Pa.
SCHLEICH, LOUISE, '18	2422 9th Ave., Watervliet, N. Y.
SHAUGHNESSY, MARY, '19	North Tarrytown, N. Y.
SHEEHAN, CLARE, '17	605 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.
SHERMAN, EUGENIA	261 Bedford Park Boulevard, N. Y. C.
SMITH, JULIE, '17	90 Buckingham St., Hartford, Conn.
SPICCIATA, JOSEPHINE, '20	153 East 103d Street, N. Y. C.
STAFFORD, ROSE, '17	63 Judge St., Elmhurst, L. I.
STETSON, ELIZABETH, '20	3066 F Street, Washington, D. C.
SULLIVAN, GERTRUDE, '17	301 West 91st St., N. Y. C.
SULLIVAN, MAY, '20	343 East 141st St., Bronx, N. Y.
TIGHE, KATHLEEN, '19	124 Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
TIMMONS, EUNICE, '18	259 Millbank Ave., Greenwich, Conn.
TRACY, KATHLEEN, '20	580 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
TRACY, MARIE, '17	580 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
VIANE, GENEVIEVE, '17	Boston Post Road, Rye, N. Y.
VLYMAN, HARRIET, '19	379 Front St., Hempstead, N. Y.
WALDRON, VIRGINIA, '19	1843 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
WARD, EMILIE, '20	Havemeyer Place, Greenwich, Conn.
WARD, HELEN, '17	Havemeyer Place, Greenwich, Conn.
WARNER, MARY, '18	35 Lockwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
WARREN, ADRIENNE, '20	88 Union Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
WHEELER, ELIZABETH, '17	Canajoharie, N. Y.
WHITE, LUCY, '19	32 South Vernon Ave., Arverne, L. I.
WIGHTWICK, IRENE, '18	Harrison, N. Y.
YECKER, JANET, '17	222 W. Vine St., Lancaster, Pa.
YOUNG, VINCENTIA, '20	Larchmont, N. Y.
ZAREMBA, HELEN, '17	321 W. 37th St., N. Y. C.
ZIMMERMAN, MARGARET, '18	12 Franklin St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
ZWICKER, ANNETTE, '20	20121 Morris Ave., N. Y. C.

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